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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THE observance of the Lord's Supper has fallen into so much neglect in some portions of the Church, and is regarded with so much indifference by many calling themselves followers of the Saviour, — its constraining influences and hallowing power are so rarely sought, in many quarters, by those in opening youth, — that to every thoughtful soul the question must again and again press itself home with painful solicitude, — Why is this? Why this disregard of the last, most tender, most affectionate request of the suffering Redeemer? Why this unwillingness openly to express the true conviction of the soul, and to acknowledge the Saviour, joyfully and truly, as its only Master? Why do we witness, month after month, the sad, strange spectacle, — when the free invitation is given to “all who desire to commemorate their Saviour's death, and to remember him in his feast of love,” — of the greater part of the congregation at once turning away and leaving the sanctuary, while the few who remain gather around the altar, as if to them alone Christ had said, “This do in remembrance of me”?

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We have sometimes felt as if we could not remain, as if it were presuming in us to enjoy this holy privilege, when those we have loved have treated it so indifferently. Nay, would not some of us feel as if isolated from the quickening sympathy of others, were it not for the holy "cloud of witnesses," who then, if ever, gather around us, mingling their ascriptions of praise and gratitude with ours, and uniting their voices in the glad chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing"?

The causes of this neglect and indifference are many and various; too many for us to attempt to enumerate them here, and varying with individual habits, feelings, and modes of thought. To such as regard the rite as of no importance, and as possessing no obligation over the Christian heart, who are willing to worship year after year in churches where it is seldom observed, or, if observed, simply as a sort of necessary deference to the older part of the congregation, embodying an antique but useless ceremony, — where the pastor feels no obligation to unite in holy communion with those of his charge, and the few who cherish these outward forms of memorial must seek elsewhere than at their own altar to partake of the emblematic bread and cup of blessing, — to such our words will be of little avail. But if we are not mistaken, much of the indifference to this service arises from false views of its nature, meaning, and obligation, especially among the young; for it is not to be denied, that in our Sunday schools the subject is often wholly ignored by the teacher, or referred to only occasionally, in an indistinct, careless, or unsatisfying manner, as a mere matter of past history, or belonging only to the mature in age; for unless the teacher feels personally its sacred obligation, how can he speak with convincing force or power to his pupils? Unless he be himself a member of the Body of Christ, how can he expect to lead others to desire that sacred union?

We propose, therefore, to consider briefly the history of

this observance, showing its consonance with the deep cravings and warm affections of the soul, to speak of the meaning of the "Church," and to answer the oft-mooted question, by whom this rite should be observed.

According to the narratives of the Evangelists, the Lord's Supper was instituted at the close of the Paschal supper. In sadness and mournful anticipation, the disciples for the last time gathered around their Master, in the large upper room, while he, with words of sublime self-forgetfulness and of immortal love, sought to raise their thoughts above the trials and sufferings of the hour, teaching them of the many mansions in the Father's house, and bestowing as his parting benediction the divine gift of his own peace, — that peace which the world gives not, and which — blessed be God! — the world cannot take away. In full and clear anticipation of his rapidly approaching sufferings, — with the thought of his chosen few left to encounter the fearful scenes of the coming day without his words of tender sympathy and guardian love, — with a prophetic on-looking through the coming ages of the great multitude of those who should believe on him through their word, — of their sufferings, toils, temptations, triumphs, and inward and outward martyrdoms, — with the purest and strongest of human affections and sympathies, united with the depths of divine love, and holy compassion, — knowing that in a few brief hours he should be utterly forsaken of man, and yet not alone, because the Father was with him, — in perfect calmness, uttering a few brief, emphatic words, he took the remainder of the bread and wine supplied by the Paschal feast, and ordained a simple memorial of himself, bidding them, as they met together from time to time, to "do this in remembrance of him." No set form, no special test of discipleship, was enjoined; but having partaken of the sacred elements, consecrated for ever as emblems of his broken body, and blood shed for the remission of sins, the little band united in one more sacred hymn, in which the Saviour's voice doubtless mingled, with

its deep, spiritual cadence ; and then, in the simple words of the Evangelist, "they went to the Mount of Olives." *

After the resurrection and ascension of the Saviour, in imitation of this precedent, the Lord's Supper was observed, not at any set time or place, or at the close of a public religious service ; but the disciples, who were drawn together by a common faith, met on the Lord's day, and sometimes on every day, partook in company of their evening meal, to which, in many cases, each contributed his portion according to his means or in his turn ; after which the remainder of the viands was consecrated as a commemorative festival, in imitation of the Paschal feast, in which the Saviour united with his Apostles.

After a time, however, these "love-feasts," as they were termed, lost their simple and fraternal character. As the wealthy became converts to the Christian faith, and united in the holy festival, they took the occasion often of converting them into sumptuous and showy entertainments, from which the poorer disciples were often excluded, and, with reason, felt themselves neglected. But worse than this. In churches but recently reclaimed from idolatry, these feasts often became the occasion of sensual indulgence, causing those gross abuses which Paul so emphatically and so utterly condemns in his epistle to the church at Corinth. There seems to have been nothing, in itself, unsuitable in the earlier manner of celebrating these love-feasts ; for, in the newness of faith, and in the entire change of life and mode of thought enjoined by Christianity, united to the almost certain sufferings and persecutions endured by those who became the followers of the Crucified, none but those truly sincere, from the very heart acknowledging him as the only Master of the soul, would have united themselves to the little band of disciples ; and the rite, wherever and however observed, was always regarded

* This article is not designed to meet the objections of those who regard the Lord's Supper as binding only upon the primitive Christians.

by all such as sacred and solemn. But as, by degrees, others sought an entrance to the fold, by ways less narrow and rugged than that of an entire self-renunciation and a consecrated apostleship, the world, with its ambition, and fashion, and lust and desire, spread its darkening cloud over the clear sunlight of the earlier dawn, and the simplicity of the Christian rites became obscured by forms and creeds of man's device.

On these accounts, the celebration of the Lord's Supper was transferred from the evening and social meal to the close of the public religious service in the forenoon. This change took place early in the second century, and became incidentally the cause of the still existing distinction between the church and the congregation. When the love-feasts were held in private houses, none but those who in spirit were disciples of the same Master met together, for the exchange of words of mutual sympathy, encouragement, and incitement, and for prayer and praise. All constituted one family of believers. But in the public assembly it was far otherwise. Not only were the faithful and believing present, but the doubting and hesitating, — those uncertain whether to yield up the poor, fleeting joys of earth for the "sure and glorious promise" of an immortal inheritance; the sceptic, the curious philosopher, the inquiring pagan, the half-convinced Jew, the enlightened Greek, the stern Roman, the rapt mystic, the cold and sneering Cynic, the luxurious Epicurean, the proud Pharisee, — none were excluded. Candidates for baptism were also present, and those drawn over from other beliefs, and desiring instruction in the Christian faith. The simple and sublime history of Jesus of Nazareth, his teachings, his life and his death, were themes proclaimed freely to all; the truth was preached in its simplicity and its power, and the divine life of the Redeemer quickened many, a sluggish spirit, nerving it with such strength as to bear his cross of fearful suffering and sorrow, that thereby it might share his crown of glory.

But most unmeet would it have been for the unbelieving, in such an assembly, — for those who in heart cherished no peculiar love or devotion to the Saviour, who even questioned his divine authority, — to unite in a service peculiarly and wholly one of personal remembrance, gratitude, love, and consecration. We find, therefore, that it was the custom, after the close of the public morning service of worship and exhortation, for the pastor or preacher to pronounce a benediction upon the whole assembly, dismissing a part, while those who acknowledged their heart-allegiance to their Master remained, to partake together of the emblematic bread and wine, as in the more private love-feasts. Hence the use of the Romish name for the Eucharist, "*Missa*," or Mass; — *missa* denoting dismissal, and thence being applied to what ensued after the dismissal. The Supper was celebrated at the close of the morning service, each Lord's day, the members of the church carrying bread and wine with them, as a thank-offering, to the place of assembly, the requisite portion of which was taken by the presiding official, and consecrated as the sacred emblems of the Saviour's body and blood, — the remainder being afterwards distributed among the poor. "The emblems were then distributed by the officiating deacons, much in the same way as in many of our churches at the present time, portions of the same being sent to the sick, the infirm, and the prisoner." Prayer and singing accompanied the service.

In this arrangement all baptized persons were admitted to the Supper, who were not excluded on account of any known vice or immorality; baptism being regarded as the initiatory rite, by which an individual openly acknowledged his faith and was publicly brought into the visible fold of the Redeemer. It was administered on the simple profession of faith in Christ as the Son of God and the true Messiah; for in those early days of trial and persecution, such an acknowledgment would never have been made, without sincerity, involving, as it so often did, the loss of all things earthly.

It was also administered to the children of baptized parents, who thus consecrated them to their Saviour's love and guardian care, and expressed the desire to educate them for his service. There appears to have been no definite rule regulating the age when an individual should partake of the holy feast. Children old enough to understand the meaning of the service, and to choose the right for themselves, were never excluded, while in some portions of the church the sacred elements were given even to infants.

Towards the middle of the third century, the rite of confirmation came into general use, and, with the exception of North Africa, where the custom of giving the sacramental bread and wine to infants continued for a longer period, no persons unconfirmed, though baptized in infancy, were admitted to the Lord's Supper. This rite was usually observed at the age of twelve or fourteen years, the individual thus acknowledging for himself faith in Christ, and taking upon himself those vows of consecration which had been offered in his behalf in infancy, by parental or Christian love.

As years and centuries passed on, baptism and confirmation became universal in Christendom, and, losing their original, sacred significance, degenerated into a mere form, often a mask of political intrigue or private ambition.

So too of the Lord's Supper. Instead of being a service indicative of individual love, gratitude, and remembrance, it became, in most cases, a mere hollow form, devoid of all spirituality and life-giving power; while spirituality of heart, and the faith that works by love, and brings forth the fruits of holiness in the life, became very rare. In consequence of this, the service became desecrated, lost its sacred power over the minds of men; and while some observed it in mere superstitious reverence, and as possessing a talismanic charm and efficacy, no matter in what spirit it was partaken of, others regarded it with utter indifference.

Then came the period of the Reformation, when truth in its simple majesty again exulted in the dawning freedom,

when old abuses and superstitions were dragged from their covert retreats, and when the dominant power of a mere earthly hierarchy was shaken to its foundations.

Among the various sects which thus arose, of the Reformed Church the Lutheran and the English still preserved the custom of admitting all baptized persons freely to the communion; endeavoring, however, to avoid past errors by clearly expounding its meaning, publicly explaining its spiritual authority, and seeking to render it to the individual a service of the heart, and not one of form. Children were more generally instructed in the faith, taught the value of the service, and led to regard it as one in which the true Christian was bound to participate; the sacredness of the rite being more generally impressed in the public teachings of the sanctuary, and the spirit which can alone render it one of any efficacy duly enforced.

In the Calvinistic portion of the Reformed Church, on the contrary, a church was definitely established within the congregation; those only being admitted to the communion whom the pastor, or, more generally, the majority of the members of the church itself, regarded as fitted for the observance, and whose characters were considered free from open reproach, and who were willing to subscribe to the creed established, as expressive of the faith of that portion of the Church. From this division, our New England Congregational churches have derived the chief precedent of their constitution;—one in its true spirit not so contracted and isolated as might at first be imagined; for if there existed a *true spirit of Christian and brotherly love* among all the members of a church, none would be excluded for mere difference of intellectual belief, and any spirit of espionage, or curious questioning of another's most secret thoughts or sacred feelings, would never be tolerated for a moment. Where there is the true spirit, there is always life and freedom; if *that* be wanting, narrowness, sectarian bitterness, and petty jealousies will ever characterize a church, whatever its outward constitution or prescribed mode of worship.

Among some sects, as the Unitarian, for instance, a form of admission to the church and to the Lord's Supper is or is not observed, according to the united opinion of the majority of the worshippers in any one congregation,—in many cases, even where a simple profession of faith has been usually observed, the individual being left wholly free to consult his own private feelings and inclinations, as to making such a profession; here, as in earlier times, baptism, we suppose, being regarded as the one initiatory rite, bringing the individual, whether it be observed in infancy or in mature years, within the fold of the visible Church.

Regarding now the present state of our churches, and referring back to those earlier years when the acknowledgment of faith in Christ so often became the seal of suffering and persecution, we are at once impressed with the difference in the outward aspect of this service, and in the manner in which it was generally regarded. Instead of presenting any cold, repulsive, or exclusive aspect, it was pre-eminently a social service. Around the holy table gathered the aged patriarch and the little child; the Christian warrior of mature years, girt with the well-tried panoply of many a hard-fought conflict, and the youth just entering on the arena of toil and trial; the aged matron and the gentle maiden, each strong for endurance in her Redeemer's strength; the tempted, the suffering, the tried, the weary, and the happy there met, to gain new strength, to share each other's joys, to sympathize in each other's griefs, and through the Master's spirit to gain new powers of endurance, to cherish a deeper, warmer love to him, and so to one another.

But now how is it, in too many of our congregations?

The church is looked upon as something set apart, distinct from the general worshipping assembly, around which some invisible but potent barrier of custom, or creed, or attainment in goodness, is erected, and through which only a chosen few, the aged, the suffering, the care-worn, the good *par excellence*, are admitted; while the rest—strong and intelli-

gent men in the very midst of their maturity, mothers and fathers with the sacred and eternal responsibilities of parents resting upon them, children needing the kindly protection and fostering care of the church, young persons demanding the restraining influences of religious faith and principle — remain without the pale, as if the great spiritual Church, visible and invisible, had no protecting shield to throw around them, no hand of love to guide, and to lead them to the fold of the one good Shepherd!

The holy table is spread; a few gather around it; while the majority of the congregation disperse at once, as if, to them, there was no obligation to remember their Saviour's dying request. Nay, in some of our largest societies, where all form of admission to the church has been dispensed with, or where the individual is left at entire liberty to assent to a simple confession of faith, or otherwise, there has been an average of not more than five new guests at the communion table, for several years past, — clearly evincing that the cause of this neglect lies deeper than many mere superficial observers imagine. And now, why is this? Does not the very fact, which we believe may be fully substantiated in our congregational churches, that where all forms of admission are done away, and where no distinction is recognized between the church and the congregation, the observance of the Lord's Supper is no more eagerly sought than elsewhere, evince that the true difficulty is of a more spiritual character? If the Redeemer himself instituted this simple memorial in commemoration of his deathless love, and ever present help and sympathy, is it not a vain self-complacency that regards Christians in the nineteenth century as having outgrown the need of all such observances? Is it not a mere presumptuous pride, that leads many to consider themselves as perfectly free to observe or to neglect his dying request, according to their own indifference, worldliness, or coldness?

The first difficulty, as it seems to us, lies in the Christian education, or rather in the want of a true religious training,

and of constraining religious influences, among so many of the young, even in so-called Christian families. The children are indeed sent to the Sabbath school, and accompany their parents, at least a part of the time, to church; but there is very little definite or constraining force in the instruction given. To be a "member of the church" seems to them to point to some far-off, unattainable standard of goodness, with which childhood and youth have little to do, implying, often, a giving up of the innocent joys and gladness of opening life, and constraining the whole nature into a rigid conformity to some set rule. And so the child grows up, with perhaps correct moral principles, and a fair character, according to the world, but wholly outside of the church, — possibly uniting with it in middle life or old age; while others, less favorably situated, seeing nothing attractive in the scattered company of the few who remain together around the altar when the congregation are dismissed, and having no special hand to guide them, stand aloof, and remain as aliens outside the fold.

Here lies our first most important need, — to have it distinctly understood by young and old what is meant by the Church, and then know who should partake in the Lord's Supper, so far as the observance of the rite is any pledge of a distinct religious purpose, and expressive of a personal love to the Redeemer.

The Church, we reply, is that body of persons who believe in Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and who so believe in him as to be desirous of living his spiritual life, and of being personally united to him. It embraces all of every age, nation, and clime, who love him as their Saviour, and look to God's mercy through him for the forgiveness of their sins. Its boundaries are invisible to the eye of man, for it can be limited by the observance of no one form or confession; but they are distinct and clear to the all-seeing eye, — to Him who knows the secret consecration, and reads the hidden thoughts of the spirit. And

so, in every worshipping congregation, there are those who, in outward rite, openly, and in accordance with the Master's teachings, acknowledge him before men; while we would gladly hope that many, to human sight indifferent, have yet their names written in the Lamb's book of life.

As we have before said, according to the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, baptism formed the initiatory rite, by which an individual was brought into the fellowship of the Christian Church, and such should now be clearly the instruction given to the young. If they have been consecrated in early infancy by parental love, let them be educated as *members of the church*, not left as aliens, to come back by some bitter penitence or spasmodic effort in after years; but let the relation be made *real*, true, and constraining to them, leading them to take even in childhood an active interest in all that concerns its welfare, and feeling it to be a privilege to unite in its special services of devotion; and then, in opening youth, they will gladly and readily come to the Lord's table, as to the commemorative festival of one nearer and dearer than earthly kindred or friend. But if the consecrating water has never bathed the infant brow, then let the child be taught the *duty* and the *obligation* to observe the rite of baptism, instituted by the Saviour himself, and consecrated by his own example, and NEVER let it be spoken of or regarded as one to be observed or not, according to his own option; if there be a heart-interest in this service, without which it should never be observed, the observance of the Lord's Supper will necessarily follow. Religious feelings need expression in order to give them stability and definiteness; and do not many of hopeful promise in early youth fail to fulfil that promise from this very cause, and sink into worldliness and indifference?

We have sometimes thought it might be of avail to introduce into our congregational churches some simple ceremony similar to that of confirmation, by which, in opening youth, the thoughts should be distinctly directed to the personal

obligation resting upon every soul to take upon itself the responsibilities of a distinct religious choice and consecration. Were young persons, at an age when the feelings are the most susceptible, and the heart most open to religious impressions, brought under the influence of some systematic religious instruction, imparted by the pastor, or some teacher of a true spiritual experience, and direct, personal appeals made to the individual, or free conversation, opening the way for mutual confidence and sympathy,—the soul thus led to feel its personal responsibilities,—might not the result be of the highest worth?

How much, too, *might* be done in our Sunday schools, to lead the young to a personal self-consecration, were every teacher worthy of his vocation, spiritually in earnest, and himself an humble disciple at the Redeemer's feet! Would not the young then be trained and educated as members of the Christian Church, and gladly sit at their Master's table, instead of our witnessing, as now so often, the sad spectacle of vacant seats, while the large majority of those who remain are the aged or the afflicted, or those in middle life?

By whom, then, should the Lord's Supper be observed? We reply, by all who in heart acknowledge Jesus as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, who cherish gratitude and love to him, and who sincerely desire to follow his example, and to be in heart and life his disciples; by all who have chosen the path of life, though the trembling steps may have just begun to tread the narrow way; by all whose faces are turned heavenward, though the lights from the celestial city may be but dimly discerned amid the conflicts of sense and the shadows of earth. It is *not* an expression of attainment in goodness, but of the simple, sincere desire to be like Christ.

To all such, it freely offers its glad invitation, and the Master himself, now and ever presiding at the feast, utters his gentle, loving words of entreaty, "Whosoever will, let him freely come."

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It is not to be regarded as the seal of perfection, but as a precious means of cherishing the very love and gratitude it expresses; the compliance with the dying request of Him whose whole life was a sacrifice for man.

“*Viaticum*, provision by the way, was the name often applied to it, and expressed its true meaning”; for not for the victors in the field was the banquet first spread, but for those still striving in the combat, weak, frail, sinful, yet loving their Master, and cherishing his promise of abiding ever with them, as the highest of blessings. In fine, were the Saviour visibly present, and to invite all who loved and remembered him, and who sincerely desired to follow him, to come and partake of the sacred emblems of his dying sacrifice, — whoever would feel himself included in such an invitation, and would gladly approach the altar at *his* bidding, let him never turn away, for it is the Lord's table, not man's; and fitness for the service must be decided between the individual's own conscience and his Maker.

If the choice of Christ as the guide and master of the soul has been made, — if there is any love to him, and the wish to love him more truly, — then let the feeblest and the youngest come, and find strength and help and encouragement; let manhood and womanhood come, and sanctify their active powers by a devout self-consecration; let the aged come, and refresh their weary steps from his overflowing love and tenderness; let the glad and happy come, and pour their full cup of blessing as a thank-offering at his altar; let the sorrowing come, to find sympathy on the bosom of Eternal Love, and the bereaved to have His hand point anew to the many mansions in the Father's house, and to hear those tender accents, “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

Let all who will, freely come and participate in those holy influences that come to us through the conscious sympathy and union with the pure and holy of all ages and all climes, with devoted soldiers of the cross and servants of the Lord,

who, "having passed through great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

But here it may be asked, Should not some form of admission to the church be required, or should there be no distinction recognized between the church and the congregation?

From what has been already said, it is evident that baptism renders one a member of the church, and therefore entitles him to all the privileges conferred by the church; and where this rite is observed in mature years, it is, in itself, an open and public profession of faith,—an expression of that death to sin, and purity of soul to which the individual aspires, and of a personal consecration to God the Father, to Christ the Saviour, and to the sanctifying influences of the Spirit. If this rite, therefore, be observed in sincerity, the individual will feel urged and constrained by every motive of gratitude and love to comply with his Saviour's dying request, and no other form would seem necessary, save a glad and affectionate expression of welcome from fellow-disciples and communicants.

But where baptism has been conferred in infancy, of course being the act of the parent and not of the child, some simple personal expression of faith and consecration seems fitting and appropriate, as the individual first comes to the Lord's table,—giving definiteness and sacredness to the act, and often forming an era in the life of the young Christian, fondly anticipated and fondly remembered.

Such a simple form, it is true, should never be regarded as *absolutely* essential,—for the timid, the diffident, the sensitive, *might* thus be excluded, and there are those, we are aware, who have conscientious scruples against the use of any such. To demand an acceptance of formal articles of faith, or to make an inquisitorial examination into the secret, sacred feelings of another's heart, is utterly unjust and unchristian; and no organized church, however simple and seemingly unobjectionable its forms, has any right to inter-

pose such between the disciple and the duty of confessing his allegiance to his Master, in his own appointed way.

Belief on the Lord Jesus Christ with the heart, should be the *only* test of Christian fellowship, the only creed; and any division or portion of the Church Universal that demands more than this, or would exclude a brother from participation in its privileges, or debar him from sitting at his Master's table, when it would be to him a service of grateful love, is utterly unworthy the name of Christian.

"Whosoever will," — again and again is it re-echoed through the length and breadth of the Gospel, — "*whosoever will*, let him *freely* come." "*I will give to him who is athirst*, of the fountain of the water of life, freely."

Such a simple form of confession of faith might be framed and adopted, by the majority of the members of any individual church; and we deem it far better, if possible, to have the words used simply those of Scripture, brief and comprehensive; or, as we have sometimes witnessed the service, and never has it seemed more impressive, for the pastor simply and solemnly to ask the question of the candidate for communion, "Do you believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of men?" then extending the hand of welcome in the name of the assembled church, concluding the simple rite by pronouncing a blessing over the new guest at the feast, and in prayer commending him to his Redeemer's love and holy guardianship.

A form so simple, and yet, where the heart is in it, so deeply impressive, seems to us to exert a beneficial and holy influence, both on the individual and on the assembled worshippers, giving definiteness and strength to the convictions of the heart, and having a constraining and attractive power for those present.

That changes might be made, rendering this observance more impressive and attractive than now, we are fully and sometimes painfully aware; for too often the service is made wearisome even to the most interested, occurring at the close

of a morning service, and often accompanied by a long address, and lengthened devotional exercises, — many having already been engaged in the morning duties of the Sabbath school. But such changes are necessarily dependent upon the wishes of the majority of the members of any individual church, and therefore the consideration of them here would seem needless, at least for the present.

From what has been said, it may readily be inferred, that we regard the Lord's Supper as a rite, not to be indiscriminately observed by the whole congregation. Let all remain to witness the service who so desire; but so long as it is an act expressive of individual love, gratitude, and consecration, an act of tender, personal remembrance, what would it be but a mere vain mockery to such as feel no personal indebtedness to Christ, no personal love and gratitude to him? Thus observed, it would degenerate at once into a mere hollow form, losing its tender significance and holy power.

In this, as in all things else, an open, manly expression of one's faith and purpose is for the health and well-being of the soul, giving it vigor, firmness, and definiteness. In some way, in some form, by some mode of conviction, we need to express our honest convictions, to acknowledge our Master, to declare whom we have chosen to serve. We need to take a church position, and evince our faith by loyalty, obedience, trust, and deed; not seeking stealthily to creep into the fold, as if ashamed of our Leader's colors, not seeking to gain the crown of victory and grasp the reward of the faithful combatant, without even an honest avowal to which side we stand committed! Truth and simple honesty demand more than this; Christ demands more; and He who searcheth the secret thoughts of the heart demands more. "Not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ" is an acknowledgment as much needed in the nineteenth century as in the first. To be true to one's honest-heart convictions involves as much self-sacrifice, perhaps, amid the luxuries of the present age, as in the early apostolic times.

But it may be asked, Why is this service so often neglected, even in churches where the terms of communion are perfectly liberal and open? We reply, that the true want lies far deeper than any outward observances, or church organizations, — down in the very heart of man. It is the want of any vital interest in eternal realities; the want of an abiding, constraining sense of God's presence and holiness, and justice and truth; the want of a sense of sin, and of a *personal* need of a Saviour and Mediator; the want of a true vital love to Christ, and of a hearty consecration to his work. Let our worshipping congregations be awakened from their spiritual indifference, and self-complacent regard, and luxurious ease; let some voice as from the spirit-land echo through the pent-up chambers of mere sensual lust, and worldly desire, and love of gain and pleasure; let the fatal slumber of the *soul* be broken; and how would the tide of life, of earnest endeavor, of a living gratitude, sweep through the ice-bound walls of our churches, carrying life and gladness, and the good news of the Gospel, to every waste and desolate place, making even the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose! How would the altar be crowded with loving and joyful guests, eager to render back the only thank-offering in their power, by consecrated hearts and lives!

In the holy promise of God, such a period shall yet come, even though it long delay. At the very altar of our common faith must the work begin, — by those who in outward form call Him Lord and Master, embodying his spirit in their daily lives, and *living* worthy the name of Christian disciples. Then shall the dawn brighten into a clearer day, and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness gladden every land. Then shall our communion festival be no cold memorial, but a glad and conscious communion with the ever-present Saviour, — the chords of a tender interest and a true regard uniting every guest in the bonds of a common sympathy, and all, spiritual members of that Body of which he alone is the Head.

Then, as in the large upper chamber, where the little band of Apostles were gathered around their Lord, will love to him and love to one another be the one test of discipleship, while on every heart will rest his holy and divine benediction, — "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

H. M.

RACHEL.

THE spinning-wheel, or fast or slower turning,
Seemed to wail and murmur as in pain;
And the spinner, back and forward stepping,
Kept sad measure to the mournful strain.

Often, too, amid her patient labor,
Tears came flowing down her withered cheek;
For the summer of her days had faded,
And her path was desolate and bleak.

And she thought, ah! well could she remember,
Of the friendships and the loves of old,
Long ago in many a grave deep buried,
Deeper still in hearts estranged and cold.

She remembered how young hope was blighted,
And meek faith and love with scorn repelled;
And her keen despair well-nigh had conquered
The strong patience that her soul upheld.

Yet not wholly, for the loving Father
Looked with pity on his sorrowing child,
And for cheerless memory's bitter paining,
Gave her holy Hope, the fair and mild.

Then her wheel forgot its bitter moaning,
Singing many a cheerful song the while,
And her eyes, no longer dim with weeping,
Looked towards Heaven with a wishing smile.

F. B. S.

MARGARET.

THE Sabbath bell with saintly sound
Calls heedless man to prayer,
And, spreading waves of music round,
It sanctifies the air;
They strike the heavens' bending wall,
And back in holier echoes fall;
Till he who hears the blest refrain
Sweetly sink and swell again,
Must worship unaware.

And so should woman's voice be heard
Amid the jarring din
With which the air of life is stirred
By care and strife and sin, —
The roughest discord mellowing,
The meanest fortune hallowing,
To our dim eyes making plain
The beauty of the world again,
That had hidden been.

Thou art as all thy sex should be,
An angel with clipped wings,
Who loves and labors cheerfully,
And at her labor sings;
And like the mild October sun,
Marrying earth and sky in one,
Peace and joy, and all that's given
Unto those that dwell in heaven,
To the fireside brings.

Such as thou art have I seen
One I see no more;
Death's dark stream she crossed serene
To the brighter shore.
Never need she to knock twice
At the gates of Paradise, —
There her brother seraph stands,
Joyfully, with hurrying hands
Opens he the door.

F. B. S.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR C. ULLMANN.

[THE treatise of Professor Ullmann on the Essence of Christianity first appeared as an article in the *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, for January, 1845. The same year it was rewritten, considerably enlarged, and published separately. A well-executed translation of this second edition appeared in England in 1846, in Chapman's Catholic Series. A third edition of the original work appeared in Germany in 1849; and a fourth edition in 1854, with many additions and improvements, making a volume of two hundred and seventy-one octavo pages. The author finds the Essence of Christianity in the person of Christ as uniting in himself God and man. The following article is neither an abstract nor a translation, and perhaps the writer is not sufficiently correct in saying it is from the German; but still he is so much indebted to Professor Ullmann for his train of thought, that he prefers to give to him the credit of it.]

WHAT is Christianity? What is it that makes it what it is,—the one, absolute, all-perfect religion, so that there can possibly be no higher religion for man? In the course of human history many different systems of religion have appeared among men; what is it which distinguishes the Christian religion from every other, and fits it to be the religion for the entire human race? Many wise instructors have at different times appeared among men; what is it which distinguishes Jesus of Nazareth from every other religious teacher, and declares him to be the Light of the World? We will first suppose several possible answers that may be given to these inquiries, in order the better to prepare the way for the true answer.

There are some who suppose the Gospel of Christ essentially to consist of a revelation of *Doctrine* before unknown; of truth respecting God, especially his fatherly character and his relation to the world; of truth also respecting man, especially his immortality and his relation to God and to

eternity. Some who advocate this view have even gone so far as to express the wish that the author of that excellent religion, which derives its name from him, had for ever remained unknown to the world, that the world might have enjoyed the benefits of the truths which he taught without being subject to the idolatry of his person.

Now with regard to this view of Christianity we have first of all to acknowledge that the Gospel is a revelation of doctrine respecting God and respecting man before unknown. It could not have been a perfect revelation without giving us a new and deeper understanding of heavenly and eternal truth. The religion of the Old Testament was far superior to all the religious systems of pagan antiquity, because it contained more doctrinal knowledge of the one only living and true God; and the New Testament is distinguished from the Old, in part, by its richer and more complete unfolding of the didactic element. The author of Christianity was himself a teacher, and regarded the giving of religious instruction as an essential part of his mission, so that we reasonably speak of a prophetic office of Christ. *To this end was I born, said Christ, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.*

But while Christianity is a system of doctrines, this is far from expressing its essential character, its central idea; for its doctrines all point us to a particular person as the chief object of regard, who is Jesus Christ. They are primarily certain historical facts respecting Christ,—his wondrous birth, his perfect holiness of life, the matchless wisdom of his words, the miraculous power of his works, his sacrificial death, his glorious resurrection, his ascension into heaven, his present complete lordship over the human race. These are the *doctrines* which the Gospel teaches, and which the Apostles preached. They went forth and declared what they had seen and heard; they narrated certain historical events of which they were the eyewitnesses; they gave their

testimony to the life and wondrous works of Jesus; they affirmed that he was now seated at the right hand of the Father, ruler over all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, both in this world and in the world that is to come; that all things, visible and invisible, are subject unto him, and that he would visibly come again in power and great glory to judge the quick and the dead, and to complete the kingdom of the redeemed. This was their Gospel, or glad tidings, which they announced to all men, calling upon all to submit their hearts to Jesus Christ as Lord of all, and author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.

Christ, too, as a teacher, declared certain doctrines, but his doctrines are mainly a revelation of himself, announcements of himself as the promised Messiah and King of Israel. His parables and precepts set forth the progress and completion, the regulations and ordinances, of that kingdom which he came to establish in the world, and of which he was already the Head and King. The Gospel according to John is the most doctrinal of all the Gospels, but what are its doctrines? They are chiefly respecting Christ as the revelation, the manifestation of God to the world. All the discourses and conversations of our Saviour therein recorded have the tendency and design to call the attention of men to himself. "I am the bread of life." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

In the Gospel Christ does not lay down a code of morals, and say, Obedience to this is the way to holiness and happiness; but he says, *I am* the way. He does not give us a system of propositions containing certain doctrines, the belief of which is essential to salvation, and say, This is the truth; but he says, *I am* the truth. He does not give us a list of prescriptions by which we may cherish our spiritual

health, and secure everlasting life, but he says, "I am the life. He that believeth on me shall never die, yea, though he die, yet shall he live. I am the resurrection and the life." So far is it from being true that Christianity can be thought of without Christ, or the doctrines of Christ be separated from his person, that rather only the contrary is true, and we may say that in Christ himself is the whole sum and substance of his doctrine, in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge, and Christianity, considered as doctrine, is Christ set forth before the eye of the world.

There are others, again, who suppose the essence of Christianity to consist in its perfectness as a system of *Moral Law*. Christ appeared as a moral lawgiver for the whole human race. By his precepts and his life he set forth and exemplified the law of perfect righteousness? This indeed is true, so far as it goes, and a high estimate is to be put upon this view of Christianity as moral law; but it is not the whole truth. Christ, indeed, is our great teacher, and our perfect exemplar of moral righteousness. He tells us more of God, of heaven, of the kingdom of heaven, of the nature of religion, of our duties towards God and towards man, than any other teacher has done or can do. He says of himself, I am the light of the world; and the Christian ever looks to him for instruction and guidance. He tells us to learn of him, and his example is set before us for constant imitation. He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil; to unfold its inner meaning as it had never been known before. He taught that anger in the heart is a transgression of the command, Thou shalt not kill; that lust in the heart is a transgression of the command, Thou shalt not commit adultery. In the teachings of Christ the law is seen to be exceeding broad, embracing every relation of human life; exceeding deep, reaching even to the thoughts and intents of the heart.

But were Christ only a moral teacher, would not his appearance have been that of a condemning judge, rather than

that of a merciful Saviour? Would not the terrors of the Mount from which our Saviour spake far exceed the terrors of Mount Sinai? Would not the law of God, as revealed by Jesus of Nazareth, far more than as revealed in the Old Testament, awaken within us a consciousness of our transgression and sin? The more the light of the Divine law shines into the heart, the more does it uncover and bring to view our sinfulness and depravity, and our desert of condemnation. We need something more than law; we need something different from law. We need pardon for the sins that are past, and Divine grace to enable us to fulfil the law in time to come. And the Gospel, as a system of perfect moral law, does not so much *require* holiness as it *produces* holiness in the hearts of them that believe. It consists not in precepts, statutes, and commandments, but in gifts, promises, and fulfilments; not in demands which God lays upon us, but in graces which he gives to us, and works within us. Christianity indeed makes its moral demands, and utters its earnest warnings; but when the question is, Wherein consists its essential characteristic? this is to be found not so much in what it *demand*s, as in what it *impart*s. It is a divine power which, once received into the heart through faith in the great Redeemer, freely and without command produces a holy and heavenly life. Without in the least degree weakening the sensibility of conscience, but rather quickening it to the most delicate acuteness, so as to cause the Christian soul to shrink from the least touch of evil, it at the same time quiets the conscience, because it drives out fear by perfect love; it shows us the pardoning love of God in Jesus Christ, and prompts every believing soul to say, Let us love God, because he first loved us. The command of the law becomes changed into the free impulse of love, — that love which is itself the fulfilling of the law.

Christ differs from all other teachers in this, that he not only tells us what to do, but gives us also the power to do it. A divine influence goes forth from him into the hearts of

them that believe, which is able to renovate the soul, to stanch the issue of sin, and to cause the heart to beat in love to God. To as many as receive him, to them doth he give power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name. And while the Gospel is not essentially a system of law, a series of precepts, statutes, and commandments, yet there is one duty it everywhere enjoins, and that is *faith*, faith in Jesus Christ. And what is faith but a sure conviction of the truth as it is in Jesus, — a hearty reception of what is involved in his life, his death, his resurrection and ascension into heaven, — a full but humble appropriation of the grace offered to us in him? and from this there springs up a willing and joyful obedience to all the commandments of God. Faith worketh by love; and love and the obedience of love can no more be separated from faith, than light and heat from fire. Faith is the root of the Christian life, love its stem, and the good works of righteousness are its fruits well-pleasing to God.

A third view of the essence of Christianity is that of those who find it in the truth of the *Atonement*; the truth that Christ offered himself up as a propitiation for the sins of the world, — that he is our Saviour by having been a sacrifice for us. This indeed comes nearer to the desired point, but yet there is a truth which is higher and deeper and broader than this, — a truth without which even this could not stand, without which Christ could not be the Redeemer and Reconciler he is represented to be in the Holy Scriptures. No merely human being could make atonement for the sins of the world. No being of merely created capacity could undertake to reveal the living God in a living manner to the world of mankind, and completely and for ever restore the relation between God and man which sin had broken, but only a being of altogether peculiar nature and peculiar qualifications. While it would be required that he who would bring God near to man must himself be truly human, so as not to amaze and terrify the sinner, it would at the same

time be required that there be nothing in him of that which separated man from God,—that he himself be truly one in affection and purpose with God; in other words, that he be a perfect *man*, perfectly *holy*. It would also be required that there be in him the fulness of God. For no one could stand to us in the place of God, who was not also God; for this would be falsehood and idolatry both. Only he who was himself perfectly free from sin could undertake to reconcile a sinful world with the Holy One; only he in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily could undertake in human form to reveal unto the world of mankind the brightness and the glory of the Infinite, the All-perfect One. Were either of these qualities absent, the results were not possible which Christianity claims to produce. The mystery of godliness in Christ Jesus has met the necessities of the case on either hand, for in him we have one who is to us in the place of God, for he is also truly God; we have one to whom we may freely and boldly draw near, for he is the one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. The foundation-stone of Christianity, its central sun, its primal fount of life and power, is the perfect union of the Divine and human in the person of Jesus Christ. And the advocates of the doctrine of the Atonement have uniformly held that it was the dignity of the person of Christ that gave a value and efficacy to his death as a propitiation for sin. Only if God was in Christ could God through Christ reconcile the world unto himself. Here then we have the living centre of the Gospel, the living fountain of Christianity, GOD IN CHRIST. In the person of Jesus Christ is the perfect union of God and man. This is the one truth of the Bible from which all its other truths derive their life; this is the one doctrine from which all its other doctrines derive their value. "That which teems with astonishment," says Chrysostom, "and is beyond hope and expectation, is that God should become man; but this having come to pass, all afterwards follows in reasonable consequence." Every other dis-

tinguishing feature of the religion of the Gospel is the result of this, that God and man were united in the person of Jesus Christ.

It is true that in religious experience generally the doctrine of the Atonement has more power in subduing and converting the soul than the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ. But what is it which gives such power to the doctrine of the Atonement,—the doctrine of Christ suffering for us, and because of our sins? What is it that makes this truth the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation? What is it but the fact that the Atonement is the expression of the love of God, a love beyond all power of human thought to fathom or comprehend, the self-sacrificing love of God to a sinful world? God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. How could the death of Christ be a manifestation of the love of God, unless God were in Christ? And the Scripture tells us that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, drawing unto himself the lost affections of human hearts. The Apostle uses the past tense, because he refers to the reconciliation as already effected by the sacrifice of Christ; and it was the being of God in Christ that was the ground and foundation of the reconciliation.

Thus we see that what constitutes the central idea of the Gospel, or the essence of Christianity, is not its doctrine, nor its moral law, nor even its redeeming power alone considered, but the revelation of God in Jesus Christ; for doctrine, law, and redemption depend upon this for their reality and force. Christianity has its doctrines; but they are either doctrines respecting Christ, or designed to lead men to Christ. It has its moral law. It requires perfect holiness of heart and life, perfect consecration to God in thought, word, and deed; but it requires this in order to lead us as humble penitents to Him who can say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," and who, by the working of his Divine grace in the heart, can enable us to do his commandments; for without

Christ in the heart we can do nothing. Christianity also is a plan of redemption through a sacrificial atonement. But in this too it is designed to draw the steadfast gaze of men to him who was set forth as a propitiation for the sins of the world, according to the words of Christ himself,—“ I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me ”; and the power of Christ thus to draw all men unto himself lies in the divinity of his person. The ancient Jewish religion had its system of sacrifices and expiatory offerings for sin, but those sacrifices were only shadows of the true, and could not of themselves make the comers thereunto perfect. Only the Divine sacrifice, offered once for all, could serve as a propitiation for the sins of the whole world.

It is not our design to enter into the Biblical argument for the truth of our position, though it would be easy to show that in all the revelations of God to man, from first to last, Christ is all in all. That the Scriptures represent Christ to us as one in whom there was a perfect union of God and man, there can be no doubt to any one who accepts the language of Scripture in its plain and obvious meaning. With reference to his perfect human nature, he is called the Son of man; with reference to his perfect Divine nature, he is called the Son of God. The Bible as clearly teaches that he was truly Divine, as that he was truly human; and it nowhere represents him as belonging to the angelic, or any other intermediate order of existence. He is called the Word, or Deity revealed, the image of the Invisible God, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, one in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The doctrine radiates from the entire volume of the Scriptures, for God hath shined upon us to give us the light of the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. But most of all in the representations which Christ makes of himself, his Divine glory shines forth. In his conversations and discourses, especially as recorded by his most intimate disciple, John, he appears as one who claims to

possess in himself an exhaustless fulness of divine life, love, wisdom, and power; and as we listen to his words, our only choice is, that we fall down before him and worship and adore him as our Divine Redeemer and Lord, or else an alternative which we shrink to think of.

If then we consider Christianity objectively as a revelation from God, we find its central idea, its life-giving fountain, in the person of Jesus Christ; and if we further inquire, What is it which constitutes the peculiar nature of the person of Jesus? — Wherein consists the essential value and power of his person thus to draw to himself the attention of the world? — the answer is, It is the Divinity that shines forth in him; it is the perfect union of God and man in him.

The same result is arrived at if we consider Christianity subjectively as a religion practically realized in the experience of believers and in the history of the Church, as indeed should be the case if practical religion is moulded at all after the rule of the Gospel. If Christ be the central idea of the Sacred Scriptures, then Christ must be the central idea of all Christian piety, and looking unto Jesus the sum and substance of all true religion. Properly, however, to unfold this part of our subject, would protract our essay beyond due bounds, and we can only indicate the line of thought.

That the fundamental principle of Christian faith is the complete and perfect union of God and man in the person of Jesus Christ, will appear if we consider the nature of religion. For what is religion? It is the communion of the soul with God, — a communion in which God communicates himself to man, and man in an adoring sense of dependence raises himself to the love and worship of his Maker; and since man is a sinful being, God communicates himself in compassion, love, and grace, pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sin, and man, in humble penitence and a true faith, opens his heart to the reception of the communication. And how is this done except through him who is the one Mediator between God and man, — through him in whom God has

come near to a sinful world, to reconcile our hearts unto himself,—through him who hath said, “No man cometh unto the Father but by me.”

It is true that the end or purpose of the mediation of Christ is the reconciliation of man with God, the restoration of man to personal communion with God; and if we were to determine the essence of Christianity from this, its aim, we might say, as some have said, that it consisted in the doctrine of perfect holiness; but the power to effect this result lies in the peculiar nature of the person of Jesus. The Christian religion is a religion of personal communion with God, a communion made possible and actual through the mediation of Christ, in whom God hath revealed himself as reconciling the world unto himself.

That the vital, central power of Christianity is in the person of Christ, will appear, if we consider it historically. It is found in all ages of the Church, that the vitality of true piety consists in attachment to Christ, and that the piety of Christians has been lively and fervent just in proportion to the degree in which they have had a clear image of Christ in their minds, and felt the love of Christ in their hearts. Consider, for example, the Apostle Paul. Who can doubt that Christ was Lord in the heart of the Apostle Paul? What mean those emphatic and constantly repeated expressions respecting the love of Christ constraining us,—living not unto ourselves, but unto him who died for us and rose again, counting all things but loss and less than nothing in comparison with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, and desiring that Christ might be glorified in his mortal body, whether by life or by death? Paul had beheld a vision of Christ in his heavenly glory, when the light of that glory shone round about him brighter than that of the sun at noon-day; and therefore was his soul filled with such transforming affection to him. Therefore to him to live was Christ; his true life had its root, its spring, its source, its power, in Christ. He repeatedly attributes his new birth, his spiritual

life, to no other source than Christ. Christ was formed in his heart the hope of glory. Neither was Paul alone among the Christians of his day in respect to the place which Christ had in their affections and thoughts. The other apostles and disciples of whom we read in the New Testament were able to live the Christian life, amid all the bitter persecutions and trials to which they were subject, by the power of their personal love to Christ, which was the consequence of his personal influence in them and over them. And if we follow down the history of the Church since that day, and mark those who have been best known for the warmth and vigor of their Christian life, we find them to be those who thought most of Christ, who saw most of the glory of Christ. He was enthroned in their hearts, the sovereign of their affections. He was their life and their light, their joy and their strength, their all in all. The records of Christian biography furnish countless testimonies to the truth, that the constitutive power of all true piety is communion with the Lord Jesus Christ.

Thus, whether we consider Christianity objectively as an outward revelation, or subjectively as an inward religious life, its true historical basis, its one essential fact, its one distinguishing characteristic, is the manifestation of God in the person of Jesus Christ. Some of the important conclusions that follow from this truth, especially in relation to the Church, and the unity of the Church, we hope to consider at some future time.

E. R.

A VISIT TO THE CALDEIRA, FAYAL.

OUR party, which had taken refuge in Fayal from the approach of a New England winter, had been obliged to defer all important excursions till the spring ; and when spring

came, we found there was a great deal to be accomplished before our return to America. This little circular island, which has a diameter of only ten miles by twelve, abounds in natural objects of interest and admiration. Its varied scenery gave us ever new delight, and the views, in which beauty of coloring forms an important element, are now bright pictures in our memory.

From month to month we had been hoping for less capricious weather; but Pico still persisted in wearing its storm-caps, and the barometers, interpreted by the oracles, vetoed all our plans. April came at last, the month which in our own less genial climate brings sure deliverance from winter's reign, and we knew that the sunshine must triumph then, and send the clouds before its way, with banners furled.

An excursion had been planned, which was to occupy three days, — a journey around the island. The fifteenth of April was the day appointed for its commencement. The morning was beautiful, so still and fair, — not a cloud on Pico, no mist between the blue, arched sky above, and the blue ocean-plain beneath. We were rejoicing in the day's propitiousness, when a message came, of telegraphic brevity, informing us that we were to go to the Caldeira. The barometers had refused to promise three days' continuance of good weather, and so the party, with spirits braced for a longer enterprise, had fallen back upon the Caldeira.

To the Caldeira then! All winter we had looked up from the shore to its cloud-crowned summit, in ardent expectation of the day in whose clear sunshine we should wind our way up the mountain paths which lead to that scene of wonder. Now the day had flashed upon us, unheralded. Our donkeys were braying at the door, before we knew that it approached. Our mental preparation, and we had little else to make, was soon accomplished, and we joined the group assembled in the Consul's yard. The mounting and starting of a donkey party form a ludicrous scene enough for one unaccustomed to it. The donkeys are attended by drivers,

provided with long, iron-pointed clubs. A few of the animals are well known by name for their good character and easy paces. These are always assigned by common consent to invalids, or those least able to bear unsteady motion. As to the rest, it is more chance than choice. All questions concerning the qualities of the *jacks* (as they are called) are sure to receive affirmative answers from the guides; whose testimony that the beasts are possessed of all the excellences which belong to donkey nature is usually soon contradicted by the experience of the rider. The pack-saddles give one the choice in which direction the face shall turn, which is determined with reference to the best views, and the position of the sun.

Companionship is chosen rather by the animals than their riders, as they have their favorite associates of their own species, and it is not easy to control a donkey's will, especially if ignorant of the language to which both they and their drivers are accustomed. In our parties, however, there was no danger of unwelcome proximities, and this was a matter of slight consequence.

On the present occasion it was a long while before all were assembled and ready to start, so that it was nearly 11 A. M. when the signal for departure was given. Our party numbered eighteen mounted on donkeys, accompanied by one friend on foot. The men who carried the baskets of provisions, and the donkey-drivers, walked.

The day was now considered uncertain by the weather-wise, as the sky had become clouded, and mists were gathering in the region of the Caldeira. But our hopes gained upon our fears as we ascended, and saw the clouds scattering from the edge of the crater. It was the warmest morning that we had had, oppressively so for the first part of the ride, but it could hardly have been more delightful. Even the views with which we were familiar wore a new look of beauty to us, in the joyful consciousness that we were on our way to the Caldeira. Pico was clear, from its

rest on the ocean even to its summit. We saw its perfect outline whenever we looked back. From the high ridge over which we rode, we looked down on both sides into deep green valleys, in the centre of which a small cluster of white houses and a few more dotted outside marked a village. Other ranges of hills enclosed these valleys with their protecting walls, and towards the coast rose the familiar heights of Caneiro and Quemada and Monte da Guia. Before us, still far off, though seeming near, was the object of our aim, sometimes wreathed with vapor, and again throwing it off in curling wreaths, and standing clearly defined against the sky.

We found some heather, with a bright crimson blossom like a large berry, by the wayside. Thyme covered the banks in many places, and gave forth its fragrance under the pressure of the donkeys' feet. The roads had been so washed by the recent rains, that they were in very bad condition, and the large, loose stones in the path were often very slippery. The wonder was, not that donkeys and riders were occasionally tumbled unceremoniously together, but that we passed safely over so many difficult places, the good qualities of our trusty animals always appearing in moments of emergency. As we ascended, the country became gradually more wild and rugged, till at last we left behind us all softness and beauty, and entered the region of grandeur and desolation which encloses the Caldeira. We had left the ocean so far in the distance, that the vessels which we knew so well lying anchored in the harbor had dwindled into insignificance. The hills around us had not a tinge of greenness; their deeply furrowed slopes and the knolly surface of the ground reminded some of our party of scenery in Scotland. Sheep were grazing on the brown turf, their melancholy bleat making the stillness seem yet lonelier. As we approached the summit, Pico lifted its dark head above the clouds, which had gathered around it, looking so strangely high and near, that the effect was startling.

It was an exciting moment when we saw the advance members of our party standing on the ridge, which we knew must be the edge of the crater, and soon we were there too, and looked down into the immense basin. It had been described to us, but no description could convey an adequate idea of it. The summit containing the crater is near the centre of the island, and is 3300 feet above the level of the sea. The basin descends abruptly from the edge to the depth of 1600 feet. The interior is lined with shrubbery, and the poor people from the shore sometimes go up to the Caldeira to gather fuel. A mound containing another small crater stands on the bottom, like a cup in a saucer, though in different proportions. At the base of this interior hill is a small pond, over which gulls, which looked like mere white specks from our point of view, were hovering. After pausing a while on the brink, our party divided, some to descend into the crater, others to ride round it, a distance of five miles. We were with those who chose the circuit, and after seeing one division of our company within the cup, we remounted our donkeys and set forth. Soon the vapor began to gather around us, creeping over the edge of the crater, stealing down its rugged slopes, veiling the projecting crags of the interior, and completely obscuring the little moving objects whose progress downwards we had watched with affectionate interest. We were actually in a cloud, and could see nothing either right or left of us. The vapor soon lifted, however, and the sunlight sparkled on the water in the bottom of the basin. Its wreathing masses curled gently from the crags, as they rolled away, and added much to the beauty and softness of the view within the crater. But on the side towards the shore, from which we had hoped so much, we were almost wholly disappointed. Only once the mist dispersed enough for us to see the outline of the coast against the sea. That glimpse was very beautiful, and though the cloudy screen soon closed between us and the distant view, we could still see much of the strange,

wild country immediately around us. The path was too difficult in many places for burdened jacks, and we were obliged to dismount frequently and walk. When we arrived at our place of encampment, we found that some of our friends were still inside the crater. They soon appeared, panting from exhaustion, but declaring themselves well repaid for all the difficulty and discomfort they had undergone by the wonder and interest of their interior explorations. Shawls and cloaks were spread on the banks, and a plentiful repast prepared for our refreshment. While enjoying our dinner, the different branches of our party compared observations, with mutual satisfaction.

From our position we could look down into the Caldeira, on the opposite edge of which a light fringe of clouds formed a luminous screen between us and the setting sun. The level sunbeams reminded us that it was time for us to pursue our homeward way, and, remounting our donkeys, we rode till the path became rough and dangerous.

As we who were of the advance members of the returning party looked back, we saw through the thin mist a most picturesque group of donkeys and riders still lingering and bustling by the edge of the crater. The condition of the path obliged us soon to dismount and walk a long distance. It was after sunset. Rose-colored clouds lingered in the western sky, and Pico stood softened in the misty twilight. A solitary gull beat its way, on steady wings, from the Caldeira seaward. No sounds were heard but our own steps and voices, and the occasional bleat of a sheep or chirp of a woodcock. The air was fresh, and often fragrant with thyme. The moonlight struggling through thin clouds shone faintly over the quiet scene. Long before the road became smooth, we remounted our faithful donkeys and plodded on. The moon did not disperse the clouds, but gave light enough for us to see our path, so that we pursued our descending way in safety. We cannot forget, among the day's experiences, a canter after we had reached the foot

of the hills. A small number of our party, all ladies, were detached from the rest. We had just come upon a piece of smooth, level road, when one of the forward donkeys, urged by a prick from the driver's goad, started on full gallop. We knew that ours would take the same pace soon, and could not be prevented, though it was an unwelcome movement to us, wearied as we were by the day's exertion. We could not remonstrate with our attendants in Portuguese, and English was of no avail. So, having secured a firm hold of the saddle, we were well prepared when our own jacks suddenly leaped forward after those which had preceded them. The guides followed, running and shouting to urge on the animals, when beyond the reach of their sticks. But these donkey canters are never of long duration. The rapid pace was soon exchanged for one more congenial to our feelings, and we were carried quietly through the paved street which led to our hotel.

We arrived there at about 8 P. M., well satisfied with the day's excursion, and in pleasant conversation around our cheerful tea-table, fatigue dropped from us like an outer garment.

E. A. E.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD.

My home! my childhood's home! how is the heart spell-bound by the word! And though in maturer years a brighter and more beautiful home may afford us a resting-place from the turmoil of the world, yet the heart fondly turns to the old roof-tree which sheltered the parents whom we loved and revered, the sisters whose clasping arms encircled us, and the brothers whose loving hearts were a shield against evil. Why is it thus? Was it not the design of God that we should be cradled in joy, that, amid the heart-rending

cares, the crushing disappointments of life, when we are almost tempted to question his goodness, there might be one sunny spot for us to look back upon, enabling us to keep the truth fresh in our minds, that God is love, even though his face is sometimes hidden? The first recollection of the events of my childhood is the birth of my youngest brother. It was in midsummer, on the holy Sabbath morn, the resurrection morn of the Son of God. Meet was it, that a child of earth, born to the cares and sorrows of a mortal existence, should begin his pilgrimage here on that morn, which gave us the assurance of a continued life beyond the grave,—that morn in which our Saviour wrote in living characters this central truth of our religion, that the soul when it has cast aside the vestments of mortality shall be robed with immortality! With how little joy would a parent welcome to life a new-born child, did he not feel assured that the spark kindled here would never be extinguished, and that, if its brightness is kept undimmed amid the cares and vicissitudes of life, it will shine hereafter in the firmament of heaven, “as the stars for ever and ever.” Not long after the birth of my brother, we, the younger members of our little community, were called upon by our parents to decide upon a name for this new aspirant for our love. Two presented themselves, and we would not decide between them, both sounded so musical to our ears. So, we united them, and this “youngling of the flock” bore the name of one of the last, and most unfortunate, of the race of Stuarts. He manifested, however, no point of resemblance to that family, saving the fair brow and blue eye of the descendants of Mary. And now my brother was clad in his baptismal robes, and transferred from his cradle bed, not to a “dim cathedral aisle,” but to the aisle of the Old South Church,—that church where his progenitor had for fifty years broken the bread of life to a devoted people. There, before that baptismal font, was he dedicated to that God who had given him, as a rich blessing, to the loving

hearts of his parents. There, the holy water bathed his sinless brow. Why is this rite now neglected? Why do the fairest flowers of earth unfold their delicate leaves, unrefreshed by this heavenly dew? Why have parents ceased to think that this seal of adoption is necessary to the immortal ones intrusted to their care? Do they think that the blood of the everlasting covenant cleanses from all sin without an effort on our part? That all will stand before the throne, clad in white robes, with palms in their hands, even though they have not been baptized into the name and spirit of Christ? Not so saith the Son of God. Only those, he says, "whose lamps are trimmed and burning, shall enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb." The prayer was offered up, the servant of the Lord invoked a blessing upon the parents, and upon the child; and think you, that it availed nothing? Was it nothing to that child when this life was opening upon him, and he was called upon to act his part as a child of God and brother to the countless multitudes who throng its paths, that in early infancy he was dedicated to God, — dedicated by those parents whose sheltering arms were soon withdrawn, — those parents whose warfare was soon over, — who in a few years were called upon to throw their armor down, and enter into rest?

The next event which comes up, most vividly, to my remembrance, is the death of my sainted mother; and seldom do I see her picture without calling to mind those beautiful lines of Cowper, beginning, "O that those lips had language!" What a mystery hangs about that word "death" to the mind of a child! When told that my mother was dead, — for I was sent away from home at the time, — I tried to comprehend the meaning of the expression, "my mother was dead." What was death? I knew that I should never see her again; but death seemed to me something more than this act of separation. It seemed to me a fearful mystery, unfathomable to my mortal vision. Even to this hour the thought has often been forced home upon me, that, if the

dead were translated, if the enshrining clay were not left behind, a precious relic, we could more fully realize the truth that our friends were alive in that better and happier world. But the form on which we have gazed with delight, the eye, the lip, through which the soul manifested its love, is still here, and it is hard to feel that these are not essential to its very existence. But the butterfly casts its outward coating aside, — ascends the blue sky, and becomes the plaything of the zephyr; and should not this analogy bring home the lesson to our hearts, that the closely folded wings of the spirit, when the vestment of mortality is cast aside, are spread for the serene air of the celestial country, — the habitation of our God?

On the day of the funeral I was sent home, and, clad in the closest mourning, took my place in a darkened room, with my widowed father, brothers, and sisters, while the funeral ceremonies were performed. The prayer was solemn; the tones of the pastor's voice touched the deep chords of feeling, and I fully realized, for the time at least, the loss which I had sustained. My father's deep grief, the audible sobs of my brothers and sisters, our very desolate condition, gave birth to the question, Is God good? Is he a loving Father? Better would it have been, if, at the close of the prayer, the curtains had been undrawn, and the glorious sunshine had been permitted to stream into the room, and for the minister to have turned to us children and said, "Your mother is in heaven, with the good God, and the holy angels, where she is perfectly happy, — happier than when she was with you, her little flock."

As the past rises up before me, I find it almost impossible to realize that my mother's death should have been so soon forgotten, — forgotten, I mean, by her young children. We loved her, with the confiding faith of childhood, and the clinging vine clasped around the parent tree; yet when *that* was transplanted to the garden of the Lord, the young tendrils found other support, put forth green leaves, and

rejoiced in the glad sunlight. How truly is the goodness of God manifested, in not allowing the unfolding of the affections to outstrip the development of the intellectual powers! Were it otherwise, did sorrow have an abiding power over the young, did the wounds of affection but slowly heal, where would be the light-heartedness and gayety of the spring-time of life? Though over many of life's pathways the tempest gathers, and the head of manhood is bared to the storm, yet God holds the little child in the hollow of his hand. God, to the way-worn pilgrim of earth, is the shadow of a rock in a weary land; but he takes the little child in his arms, and bears him to the still waters, beside the tree of life.

M. A. H.

ART IN ITS RELATION TO HUMANITY.

ART is the expression of spirit in matter, considered from the point of beauty, not of use.

As all things are one in their origin, one also in their ultimate tendency, so use and beauty may in their last analysis be resolved into each other, and neither is perfect if it contradict the other. But, looked at separately, art is the expression of the spirit for its own sake, not for any secondary purpose. God therefore is the great Artist; the whole universe of beauty is the expression of his spirit. The physical world satisfies the reason by its adaptation of parts to each other, and of the whole to its parts; but not less does it delight the imagination by its harmony and beauty, and the spiritual truths which it constantly reveals.

Man's art is an attempt to enter into the spirit and meaning of God's art, to understand the thoughts which lie latent in the world of matter and of mind, to place man in the current of God's life, so as to work with him. Science does this analytically; art does it synthetically, not by the examina-

tion of parts, but by the production of wholes. Science furnishes implements and materials for art. Art prophesies and vivifies the truths of science. There is no discord between the two, but there is one spirit in different manifestations. Thus art is always a protest against mere materialism. It is always a recognition of the Divine, — and always religious, — i. e. it always recognizes a Power above matter. But human art is the expression of the Divine through human means. Hence it must partake of the imperfections of the medium through which it comes. Art is spirit and matter combined; it lies under the conditions of humanity, and is as free to fall as to rise. It is not always pure; and hence it is, that, while the legitimate power of art is to purify and ennoble, it may sometimes aid to corrupt and destroy; that which was meant for a sacrament may become a debauch. To deny this were to limit its range. It could not express the highest, if it could not also sink to the lowest. An artist's work will represent himself; and if he be impure and untrue at the core, the same influence will go forth from his art.

The laws of art are not peculiar to itself, but are the laws of nature and of morals also. They perfectly symbolize the laws of spiritual life, by a thorough correspondence.

The subject of art is thought, sentiment, — in one word, the divine essence in man. Its language is matter, which it learns how to mould and fashion from nature. Hence there have always been two great schools in art, representing these two elements each too exclusively. On the one side, the Ideal school asserts it to be the province of art to seize the pure ideal or spirit, and express it according to its own laws, painting a humanity higher than humanity can ever attain unto. The other side maintains that all is expressed in Nature; that we have only to copy her forms simply and directly; that we have no higher ideal than is already accomplished in matter.

This is the same eternal dispute which is waged between

spiritualists and materialists. The one ignores matter and the body ; the other will have nothing else. The ultra Idealist in art will have nothing but Divinity, and it is impossible to attain his object. He becomes only vague and uncertain, where he strove to be lofty and sublime. The realist will have nothing but matter, and he gives us every line and wrinkle on the hero's face, — everything but the hero's soul. His aim is alike impossible to attain. He cannot rival Nature in her own department.

We must have both. The imitative tendency is usually earliest developed, both in nations and individuals ; and this is right. "First," says St. Paul, "that which is natural ; afterwards, that which is spiritual."

The development of art in every age and country bears relation to the whole life and history of that country. As art is always the expression of man's idea of the Divine in matter, so the art of a nation must always represent the religion of that nation. The sense of the Divine constantly seeks expression in material forms, and the rites and ceremonies of uncivilized nations are their art, still rude and unformed. Illustrations of this truth meet us at every page of history. In fact, among the ancients art was distinctly devoted to the service of the gods, and was one of the great high-priests of religion to the people. How perfectly do the grand and massive Egyptian forms represent the lofty and sublime doctrines of Egypt, unfit for daily life, and shrouded in mystery by her priests ! The Hebrew, whose God was self-existent and underived, abhorred the material form ; and his art was the poem and the chant, whose freedom and high aspiration were not hemmed in by form and shape ; — while the Greek, with his human gods, loving, erring, rejoicing, repenting, filled all earth with his divinities, and found expression in an art which, for grace and beauty and variety, has never been equalled.

Thus, then, does Art serve Humanity ; not by painting allegorical pictures with a moral appended for the use of school-

boys, not by taking us out of the world into a region free from temptation and sin, but by ever anew incarnating religion into life and beauty. It paints humanity with the divinity in it, and so draws us to love it. It paints nature as it looked to the eye of God, when he saw that it was good, and so helps us to faith and joy in it. It paints life so that we see it on the right side, as it looks to the spiritual eye, and so strengthens our trust and comforts us.

When Ruskin looks at the beggar-boys of Murillo, he asks, sneeringly, "Do they make you anxious to serve in ragged schools? Are you not content rather with these rags and filth, and disposed to let them remain so?"

Ah! but the painter has made us love those little urchins in their rags; has made our hearts throb with a common joy in life and sunshine and daily bread with them; has made us feel that God is no step-father to them, but gives them bountifully of his gladness of heart, if but little of his gold; and if this feeling be not at the foundation of your ragged schools, your beggar-children will never stay in them, or will come out with souls more ragged than their clothes. The sense of beauty, the joy in God, expressed by it, is to the moral world what sunshine is to the physical world. The plant may grow in the dark, if it have heat and moisture. It will never blossom without light and sunshine. Man may work and toil and grow in wealth without beauty and love; he will never bloom or bear fruit. If we are asked of what use art is to a nation, we will answer, What the apple-blossoms are to the tree. In their beautiful enfoldings, they shelter and nourish the germ of all future growth and fruition.

E. D. C.

THE TRIALS OF THE SICK-ROOM.

ONE of the chief trials of a sick-room, especially to persons of energetic temperament, is the state of uselessness, dependence, and in many cases utter helplessness, which it involves. They hear of projects of philanthropy, in which they would have taken an active interest, of labors they might have accomplished, and sufferings they might have relieved; but now the limbs are powerless, and the feeble frame is inadequate to the slightest exertion. We turn from regrets at what we might have done for others, to sigh that we can do nothing for ourselves; that for even the drop of water to moisten our parched lips, or the slightest arrangement of our clothing or our pillows, we must be indebted to the kind offices of a friend or attendant. How is the strong man humbled in that hour! Where is the pride which we have taken in our vigorous frames and active motions! We gaze, perhaps with tearful eyes, on those around us, engaged in some homely employment, which, in health, we might not have esteemed so great a privilege, but which we now eagerly covet, and mentally ask, Will it ever be permitted to us again?

Still more humbling is the enfeebling of mind almost necessarily connected with that of the body. The once vigorous intellect, when it attempts to pursue some train of thought, or process of reasoning, sinks back exhausted, and even follows with slow and uncertain perceptions the reading of the printed page.

The variations incident to most chronic diseases constitute another trial of the invalid. Sometimes we feel a gleam of our former brightness, and apparently returning strength assures us that we are "almost well." But alas for us if we build any hopes for to-morrow on so sandy a foundation! It comes, and finds us wholly changed. The physical and mental animation have passed away, and we must re-

trace with perhaps less courage than before the weary steps towards convalescence.

Then there is the enforced seclusion from external and social life. The world, with its scenes of business or hilarity, passes on without, and even within the house, steadily and recklessly rushing past our darkened windows, and jarring on our morbidly sensitive organs, just as if we were not debarred all participation in it. Perhaps some hint of its progress reaches us through an inmate or visitor; but how unsatisfactory, for the most part, is social intercourse in a sick-room! Sometimes it is proscribed altogether, as a dangerous indulgence, or if allowed, it is only for a limited period. Then all exciting and deeply interesting topics must be avoided, lest they should agitate the invalid; and in many cases it amounts to little more than a grasp of the hand, a glance of sympathy, and a few hurried words of affection.

But there is another world from which the sick are in a greater or less degree excluded, which awakens perhaps even deeper regrets,—the world of Nature. It is of the greatest importance, as Miss Martineau suggests, that they should occupy a room with a cheerful aspect, commanding a view of some pleasing landscape, or even a flower-garden, or at least a spot of verdure. But to how many inhabitants of cities must even this privilege be denied, enclosed between high brick walls, in narrow streets, where scarcely a benignant sunbeam can penetrate, and send its cheering influence through chilled frames and desponding hearts! But if the invalid rejoices in a bright and comfortable room, during the winter, when the aspect of Nature without is not sufficiently inviting to awaken regrets, with the first genial breezes of spring how does the spirit flutter to burst from its wintry prison, with bud and leaf and blossom, into a new life,—to stand once more beneath the open vault of heaven, and revel in the beauty and magnificence which are daily advancing to perfection! On the balmy breath of summer, which is alone permitted to fan our brows, we long to be

borne away to some purer region, where pain and languor shall be no more known. We recall our past summers, our rambles through wood and glen, when no long distance or toilsome road deterred us, and wonder if these tottering feet can be the same that climbed the mountain-side. Flowers are indeed "sent by some kind hand" to cheer our sick-room, and we greet them with delight; but their bright tints and odorous breath bring too vividly before us the picture of their home, — some lovely spot

"Where Heaven's eye hath been,
Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
Into their glowing hearts; the bee to them
Has murmured, and the rill."

And with the words of welcome mingle the longings of the heart: —

"My soul grows faint
With passionate yearnings as its quick dreams paint
Your haunts by dell and stream, the green, the free,
The full of all sweet sound, — the shut from me."

I turn from those forms of trial which have exclusive reference to self, to those which spring from our domestic and social relations. We wonder not at the father's anxiety for those dependent for support on his daily exertions, now interrupted, nor at the mother's solicitude for the little ones deprived of her watchful guidance and tender care, nor at the daughter or sister who trembles lest the health and life of those dearest to her shall sink beneath the repeated night-watchings and daily ministrations at her sick couch. This sentiment is not only natural, but to a degree laudable, and it is only by being absorbed in self that it can be entirely banished. But we must trust those we love, where we trust ourselves, in the hands of Him who "knoweth our frame," and will proportion their "strength" to their "day." He can supply their wants from his abundant fulness, and, if we are withdrawn, raise up other guardians for their weakness and inexperience.

I have not attempted to disguise my feeling that these

circumstances are *trials*, for as such I believe they were designed. Each has its peculiar consolations; but I pass them by, for the all-comprehensive and all-sufficient one, that they are the appointment of Infinite Wisdom and Love. Trial, in some form, is an essential element of our existence as a state of probation. We must be tried by sickness or tried by health, tried by adversity or tried by prosperity, and there is no escape from this condition of our being. We may wish to choose the form of trial; we may say of some particular one, "We can bear anything but that." The chronic invalid, lingering through weary months of languor and helplessness, may think that acute disease would have been more tolerable; while the fevered sufferer, with pains racking every limb, would be thankful if his state were one of continued debility. But God chooses for us, and he chooses wisely. The more severe the discipline, the more exactly adapted to our case. Every restless night, every weary day, every throb of pain, every annoyance or disturbance from the heedlessness of others, is not the effect of accident, but the evidence of a Father's love, and each as expressly intended to cure some moral malady as is the physician's draught, from which you may turn with repugnance, prescribed for some physical disease. He knows that not one can be spared from your spiritual training, without danger to the health of your soul. He asks from you the very submission of that will which would have desired it to be otherwise, and you have only to resign yourself entirely into his hands. Then will the trial be no longer a trial,*—its end will be accomplished, its work done, and Heaven will be already begun in your heart.

M. P. D.

* "When we acquiesce in an evil, it is no longer such."

† "To be willing to suffer, is to be in peace."

FENELON.

THE DOCTRINE OF FORMS.

"Eia igitur ad omniformis Dei omniformem imaginem coniectemus oculos, vivum et magnum illius admiremur simulacrum!" — G. BRUNO, *Quoted in Coleridge's "Friend."*

THE author of *Sartor Resartus* has given us, in that singular book, a transcendental Philosophy of Clothes. He makes the external garniture the veritable representative of the internal character. And though liable to all the objections which must result from the deceptive nature of the character itself, his theory, to say the least, is exceedingly ingenious; while in this very possibility of deception appears at once its highest merit and its absolute impracticability. Since "Clothes" can be considered as capable of a philosophy only as they spring from and truly represent the character and mind, if the interior nature be deceitful, its exterior appearing, its outward apparel, cannot but be doubly deceptive.

But there is a philosophy of Forms which far surpasses this in height and depth, and in practical importance, — a philosophy which dwells like a spirit in all the objects of nature, — which pervades alike the minutest atom and the universe of worlds. For all the forms of nature are at once substantial, truthful, and representative; and they contain the same deep meaning, whether we understand it or not. There is a spirit in every form, as in every man; and that spirit is its breath of life, — which, whether derived from the direct inspiration of the Great Source of all life, or flowing in through the media of other and higher forms, stands to it in the relation of cause to effect. In the forms of nature there exists, therefore, a philosophy, which, if truly interpreted and directly followed, leads its disciples up to the kingdom of Divine Light; but which, if wilfully misinterpreted and perverted, may lose them in the outer darkness of Pantheism.

In illustration, let us glance at the natural history of a single class of forms, or, strictly speaking, of a single form.

Beginning with the inorganic world, we find matter is composed of *primary atoms*. These atoms, as yet invisible to man, are believed, if not actually proven, to be spherical. The sphere, then, is the first, as it is the simplest and most perfect form. And as it is the smallest form, so also is it the largest. For the same general form obtains in the minutest atom, as yet visible only to the eye of reason, and in the earth itself, and in the other and still vaster globes of the solar and stellar systems.

And as all matter, as well organic as inorganic, is believed to be formed of primary, spherical atoms, so all organic matter, vegetable as well as animal, is found to originate in globular cells. The original cells, visible only under the microscope, are purely spherical; but the secondary formations, the first which are visible to the naked eye, are seen to be spiral. That is to say, the process of growth or development, *being united with action*, takes place in a spiral method. This is not only evident in the deposition of *cell-germs*, both animal and vegetable, but the same circular and spiral forms predominate in the ultimate growth of plants. The stem or trunk is usually circular, while the arrangement of the branches around the trunk, and of the leaves around the branches, is very generally spiral. Accordingly it has been laid down as a law of the vegetable world, that the whole of the appendages of the axis of the plant form, in their normal state, an uninterrupted spire.

The juices of plants are also globular in their primary atoms, and contain every element which enters into the composition of the plants themselves. And while as a whole the juices of plants make, through the roots, trunk, and leaves, a complete circulation or revolution, each particular globule revolves continually on its axis. And so in man, — the blood, corresponding in function and movement to the sap of plants, is composed of globes, which again con-

sist of infinitesimal globules;—each one of which gyrates on its axis and comprehends within itself and virtually possesses every possible element, not only of the man himself, but also of the whole mundane world; and is therefore as truly a *microcosm* or miniature world in elementary substance as in figure of form and of motion.

The drops of water, and even of quicksilver, consisting of innumerable atoms, invariably assume the globular form; and, if not too far apart, will mutually advance and coalesce. "That is neither new nor strange," exclaims some proficient in "Philosophy Made Easy,"—"that is caused by the attraction of cohesion." But is not this "attraction of cohesion" an explanation which not only explains nothing, but which is worse than none, since it gives the form of knowledge without its spirit, and thus effectually excludes the truth? To say that the drops assumed the globular form, and run together by reason of the "attraction of cohesion," or of any other attraction, is as if one should say the water freezes because it is cold, or because the cold condenses its particles. What then is cold, and what is attraction? Is it not evident, that, in either instance, there is a law of being,—that is, a *mode* of being, which even in the most infinitesimal, no less than in the largest finite, indicates the perpetual presence of the Infinite? Is it not evident that even here there is a certain form of life and action which, even though it be the lowest, is manifestly vivid with the ever-present Deity?

But to return from this almost involuntary digression. In the phenomenon last instanced, which is so common, and so simple that it seemed necessary to show that it possessed a deep meaning, as well as to refute the commonplace explanation of it,—in this spontaneous coalescence of the drops of water or of mercury, we see the inseparable connection between the circular figure of form and of motion. For these minute globules, in thus rushing to meet and unite with each other, *revolve on their axes*. So do the rain-drops in their descent from the clouds; so does every ball mechani-

cally put in motion ; so do the blood-corpuscles ; so, we think, do the primary atoms ; and so, finally, do all the orbs of the starry heavens !

And yet this axis-revolution, which is thus seen to obtain in all globular bodies, from the least to the greatest, is but one, though the primary and simplest, form of circular motion. The blood of animals and the juices of plants maintain a constant and complete circulation ; so the satellites revolve around their planets, and the planets around the sun ; while the whole solar system forms but a unit, *e pluribus unum*, in its revolution around a still mightier centre.

This latter revolution, on the least as on the largest scale, though apparently circular, is doubtless truly spiral. Thus the primary motion, as well of the original atoms as of all other globular bodies, appears to be that of axis-revolution ; while their secondary motion, which relates to action and organization, is seen to be spiral, — which is but the higher form and more complete development of circular motion. This law of spiral motion obtains, as we have already stated, in the deposition of cell-germs and in the larger growth of plants. And the analogy of nature, that is to say, the universal extension of what appears to be a universal law, leads us to suppose that it holds good also in the first arrangement of the primary atoms and in the organization and movement of worlds. The verification of this supposition as regards the primary atoms is impossible in the present state of scientific observation ; but in respect to the ultimate atoms, or worlds, it is just beginning to be realized. We quote from a recent publication a short notice of the latest results obtained in this direction, by means of the most powerful telescope ever constructed.

“ Lord Rosse’s assiduous examination of the nebulæ has established one very curious fact concerning them. The matter of which they are composed, whether it be independent masses connected in clusters, or whether it be whiffs of impalpable mist, is, in the greater number of cases that

have been included in his scrutiny, arranged in the form of *spiral scrolls*, which issue from a central, nuclear mass, and which often lead to or end in a similar nuclear condensation of cloudy light, resting like knobs on the spires of the scroll."

Thus it is evident that the nebulae — whether we believe them to be vast systems of worlds already formed and arranged in their proper order, or incipient germs in process of formation into new worlds — are manifestly subject to the same spiral law that obtains in the cellular growth of the chick and in the leaves of plants and branches of trees. And finally it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that the circular motion of globular bodies which revolve on their axes leads as truly to a spiral, as the composition of two equal forces meeting at right angles does to a diagonal.* And that this spiral or *circulo-progressive* law of motion, which we discover in plants and animals, must be extended to the elliptical orbs of the heavenly hosts, in which worlds, and systems, and systems of systems of worlds, revolving through a mighty spiral, ascend for ever through infinite space!

In the preceding remarks we have adduced some few facts from the natural history of a single class of forms, the sphere or globe, — showing that this form, which is at once the simplest and the most absolutely perfect, has inseparably connected with it a kindred figure of motion; and that these twin-born figures of form and motion not only pervade but predominate in the whole material universe, being alike omnipresent in its primary atoms, in its ultimate growths, and in its entire totality. We have glanced at some few indications of a universal Law, — of a Law which not only rules the universe of worlds in its present, and which must rule it in all its future, but which has ruled it from its

* Plato, in *Timæus*, says: "But all these circles revolve with a spiral motion, because they are agitated at one and the same time in two contrary directions."

first foundation, from its first inception, from its first conception in the Divine Mind!

And impressed with the conviction that nothing exists without sufficient reason, we are led to inquire, What is the final cause of this wonderful uniformity? In reply it may be said, that this double uniformity of form and of motion possesses a threefold significance as proof of the Divine Creator;—that it shows that the universe as a whole and in all its parts was made by one and the same hand; that the universe as a whole and in all its parts is sustained by one and the same Power; and that the Power which originally formed the universe is one and the same with that which still upholds it.

This argument, in all its triple force, is undoubtedly sound; and may have been so intended by the Creator when he laid the foundations of the world. But may there not be a subjective as well as an objective reason? May we not hope by looking deeper to discern a still nearer and more intimate connection between the Creator and his creation? Was there not a time, when,

“Far back in countless ages past, before
Time was or space, or e’er the worlds were made,
Inhabiting eternity, himself
The sole Eternal, dwelt the Majesty
Invisible, unheard and inaccessible, —
The only living and the unknown God;
The Infinite; the Spirit unrevealed;
The ‘Unmanifested Form’; the ‘Unspoken Word’;
The Increate; the self-existing and
The self-subsisting Deity; — above,
Beyond all that is thought or called God,
The Unchangeable Jehovah”?

And was not the idea of the still future creation already existing, eternally co-existent in the Divine Mind? In the mode of its formation, must not the incipient creation have been representative of the infinite Divine movement? And when launched as a thing complete into the immensity of space, must not that creation have been an exact correlative

of the original Divine idea,—a symbolical development and representative form of the Divine thought? And in still retaining its original figure, both of form and of motion,—in still continuing the same motion alike in its least and in its greatest parts and in its entire totality,—must it not be regarded, though finite, as a not unworthy image and manifestation of the Infinite himself? Must we not, then, regard the circle and globe in space and extent, and the circular and spiral figure of motion, as the primary symbols of Infinite Being and Infinite Action, and as conjoined in the type only as they were eternally coexistent in the Antitype?

Here, then, let us pause. Here indeed we must pause. Human reason, which suffices to lead us thus far, reaches here her own *Ultima Thule*. In her sublime ascent through nature up to nature's God, planets and suns, and stars and nebulae, are her stepping-stones, and the whole universe, which they compose, her broad-stair. And standing as it were on this last, she conceives the great idea of one Infinite Spiritual Form,—of which the material form of the universe, itself scarcely less than infinite in its extent, in its duration, and in the variety of its parts, is felt to be symbolical and representative.

Doubtless a great gulf still intervenes, yawning before our astonished consciousness only the more palpably since we seem to have reached its brink. Doubtless the translation of the spiritual into the material still requires to be interpreted,—even the spiritual significance of these material symbols needing to be again translated, and by a supernatural power. But meanwhile have we not reached a great fact, a great truth, a great law;—and that not of our own being alone, not of the world's being only, but also of the Divine? Does not the great fact of *representative form*, which stands out in such bold relief on the whole face of creation as necessarily corresponding to the Original Divine Idea,—does not this great Law inevitably resolve itself into a *doctrine of forms*, comprehensive as the objects of creation, and perdurable as eternity?

We remark, in conclusion, that this doctrine of forms, which it has been our object to illustrate in this paper, is quite independent of the good or ill success of any or of all attempts to indicate the significance of particular forms; even as the general truth of prophecy is acknowledged to be quite independent of its correct or incorrect application to particular events. In many forms of nature, the significance seems almost necessarily intelligible. Such is the case with those specified in the preceding illustration. For the circle or sphere, having neither beginning nor end; being unlimited as to its possible extent; and not only absolutely perfect, but equally perfect in its largest and in its smallest forms; possessing a kindred and equally perfect circulo-globular or spiral motion, which, originating within it, extends alike from the centre to the periphery and from the periphery to the centre;—the circle or sphere, as to its inseparably connected figure of form and of motion, comes home to every one's consciousness as the primary and appropriate finite symbol of the Infinite,—as the natural and necessary emblem of Infinite Being and Infinite Action. But there are innumerable other forms, whose significance we know not, and may never know. For who shall expect to explore all the secret things of God? Still for all these our doctrine holds good; for the relations between the Creator and the objects of his creation are the same absolute verities, whether we understand them or not. And as the great truth of prophecy, in its influence on the Church and on the world, is superior to that of any particular fulfilment of it, so is the great doctrine of representative forms far more important in its general bearing than the illustration of any particular examples of it can be. These latter are but the accessory confirmations of a doctrine which appears *a priori*, and almost, if not quite, self-evident, and which comprehends within its sphere the whole philosophy of the original creation and of all subsequent existence.

J. H. P. F.

OF A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WE are moved to write upon an ecclesiastical subject for two especial reasons. One of these is, that, being of Unitarian education, we have for years suffered much from Unitarian individualism, and are therefore, as is natural, under the influence of a strong reaction in favor of a powerful church system. And moved by the same reactionary feeling are many of our brethren. The second motive is to be found in a late political movement of our land. "Know-Nothingism" has resolved to abate the power of the Roman Catholic Church. And we feel with the members of that party the necessity of abating the power of a system that has become so corrupt as has the great ecclesiasticism against which they war. But, unlike them, we believe that the course they are pursuing, instead of breaking down the Roman Catholic power, will have a tendency to build it up. The Roman Catholic Church supplies a great human want that no other church does supply. And we esteem it a vain, and indeed a wicked effort, which strives to drive men from a shelter under which they already are, before we have provided one equally good when the old one shall be deserted. For these reasons, we are moved to suggest the idea of a new Catholic Church.

The fundamental idea of a church has become greatly obscured, if not wholly lost sight of, among most of the professing Christians we have ever known. The true use and value of a church is to be found in the power of organized over individual action. As in a railroad corporation a hundred miles of road and two millions of property are more efficient by a combination of stock and an organization of stockholders than they would be did each stockholder own separately and separately work his little line of road, so in an organized body of Christians the work of God can be carried out infinitely better than it could if this

body was segregated into individuals, and each individual undertook to do the work of God by himself. In unison with others, we can more efficiently and happily feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the stranger, visit the sick and the prisoner, than we can alone. In such a way we can best fulfil every part and parcel of the commandment which says: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." In unison with others we can better pray and prevail in prayer. "Where two or more of you are agreed touching any one thing, to ask it in my name, it shall be given you of my Father." "*Our* (not my) Father which art in heaven." "Give *us* (not me) *our* daily bread." "Forgive *us our* trespasses." Strengthened and encouraged by others, we can, in unison with brethren, better love God and love man than we can in the miserable isolation of individualism. Most significant was it that His last prayer upon earth should contain these words: "That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us";—"I in them and thou in me, that they may be perfect in one." Yet for years it did seem that we Unitarians were determined to run from this unity as if it were a pestilence. It is to be hoped that a change has begun, and that a steady and steadily increasing current is setting in for the grandest union of religious men that the world has ever seen. Let our readers take a bank, a manufacturing company, a city, a school district, and ask why a church should be a less vigorous and potent organization than one of these. Is all the church work of the world done? Are there no more deeds of love and mercy and kindness and blessing to be wrought by the mightiest form into which we can gather human might?

We have spoken hitherto of but one fundamental idea around which a church should gather. It was the idea of duty. There is another quite as important, and more persuasive: it is the idea of privilege. Jesus says to his

disciples, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." This commandment opens a magnificent privilege. And it is time that love to God and love to man were preached and received as the highest joy of existence. Men are happier in a true home than they can be anywhere else, because they are there surrounded by objects that they love. But that man must be a very narrow-natured man who does not need to love, deeply love, many more men, many more women, and many more children, than gather around his own hearth-stone or are sheltered beneath his own roof-tree. And it is church brotherhood, it is Christian love, that is to afford him a much fuller gratification of this craving of the heart for loving than most men ever get. We do not believe that any man can attain to the highest happiness of which he is capable, unless he becomes a member of a true Christian church. We must earnestly protest against the idea, that that Christian organization is at all a church which meets merely for the purpose of celebrating the ordinances of baptism and the Eucharist, and has no business except the admitting of members. We have felt degraded to know, that at one end of the village in which we have had a parish there was a manufacturing company exerting a great and controlling power by its acts, and its chief executive officer had employment enough to call forth every energy; that a little way higher up stood a bank, of which the same might be said; but when you came a little higher up still, and found a church, you found a corporation that had nothing to do, and its nominal head had no executive business whatever. And this was not because there was no organized sin within its reach requiring organized resistance; it was not because there was no individual suffering, no social need; but because of the pestilent idea of individualism that has cursed the age and enfeebled the Body of Christ. Our ideal Church is one that would have many and regular meetings

of its members, to deliberate upon their duties to God, to one another, and to the world. Like a parliament or a congress, it would have many committees to prepare its business, and it would have executive officers to do its will. And, judging from the needs of every state of society that we have ever seen, it would have enough to do. That to be a partaker in the deliberations and actions of such a body as this, would be, to most men, a privilege, need not be argued to those who know the ready eagerness of almost every man to become a member of some legislative assembly, or to obtain some place of executive action. And we are quite sure that the cravings to which we have last alluded are such a normal want of the human soul, that it is a church's duty to satisfy them in some way.

Of course, in a church like this there would be intellectual privileges of the highest order. In the deliberations which we have suggested there would be facts, thoughts, and plans elicited which would enlarge the mind of any man. It would prove even a better school than a political cabinet or congress, inasmuch as it would deal with much higher and more vital questions.

There is another form of intellectual improvement that ought always to be found within our churches; and that is the improvement which would arise from meetings for the consideration of Scriptural texts and passages. There is often a languid endeavor at this kind of study. But we ought to make it a vigorous and steady effort, instead of a languid one. And such it would probably become were the discussions of practical questions to which we have already alluded the habit of our churches.

Many of the thoughts that we have advanced are already realized to some extent in the Evangelical churches in this country. But it belongs peculiarly to the Unitarian churches, in addition to these doings of other churches, to realize another idea. We mean the idea of the expansion, instead of the contraction, of the lives of our Christian brethren.

Let us illustrate our meaning. In a church near us was a member who joined the Odd Fellows. It was when Odd-Fellowship was new, and the Church knew little of it for good or evil. Instead of encouraging their brother to go on in a cause that added to his happiness and security, the Church forced upon him the alternative of leaving the Odd Fellows or being excommunicated from the Church. Enlarging, encouraging, gladdening life, is a business many churches never enter upon. It is a field left for us. Let us cultivate it.

It is also a privilege to belong to a powerful church, from the gratification it gives to the sense of power that is in every man. This is one of the great attractions of the Romish Church. The consideration of this attraction it was that gave such inspiration to the pen of Macaulay in describing her. And as long as men possess energy and force in character, organizations that can act with mighty or resistless power must possess attractions for them.

A church ought to be attractive from the richness which it shall add to the existence of every one who can come within its influence. It ought to feed every craving of the intellect, every executive characteristic, and, above all, every moral and devotional quality of our nature. How far our churches are from any such standard as this every one of our readers must well know. But the time is not far distant when such a church as that which we have depicted will be imperiously and resistlessly demanded, among the social institutions of every community.

We have failed to speak of the elements of beauty and solemnity which should pervade and surround every ecclesiastic institution. We have not thus failed because we at all sympathize with the hardness of Puritan simplicity. If there is in our inmost soul a love for anything institutional at all, it is for the Roman Catholic and High Episcopal churches, because of their touching symbolism and their beautiful forms. We would have every church building

richly Gothic. The appropriate symbol of our faith should appear in every appropriate position. We would, in celebrating the Eucharist, always kneel at the altar. At the same hallowed spot we would have every marriage consecrated. We would date from Saints' and Holy days. Our church should be, ever in our perception of the present or our recollection of the past, the most hallowed, by beauty, by solemnity, by every touching recollection of the dead, every gratifying hope for the living, of all the places of the earth. This is no idle feeling. It influences the natures of thousands now living; and it influences them greatly. And, Unitarian as we are, there is no one of the men who have lately departed from the earth who is so sainted to us as the late minister of the Church of the Advent, in Boston. And not a little of our veneration arises from a sympathy with his wish to make the sanctuary and its service fitting offerings to the Most High.

Every human being amongst us has a life of various aspects. There is a business life, a domestic life, a student life, a political life, for each one of us. But how very few there are who have any ecclesiastical life! And yet how imperfect is our condition without it! How much we need its aids for devotion, for love, for faith, for purity, for every spiritual influence! God grant it to us soon! Feeling this want so severely, we cannot wonder that educated men and women are so often found on their way to Rome. Our only wonder is, that more are not found there. The Church of Rome is now a church of despotism. Our proposed church is a church of freedom. But the Church of Rome is a reality. Ours, alas! is as yet but a hope.

We have used the phrase "a new Catholic Church." We did so as a matter of convenience. For we know of no church that in reality is Catholic. No unprejudiced man of sense will believe that the Romish Church embodies in itself all the truths of Christianity. Neither does the Episcopal. Yet both claim to do so. And therefore they claim to be

Catholic. No Calvinistic or Lutheran church that we know of puts forth a similar claim, in anything like so confident a manner as do the two great hierarchical communions. Yet each one of them unquestionably believes itself Catholic. For ourselves, we fully assent to the idea embodied in the following words, which we quote from an honored clergyman of our own communion: "Nothing is plainer in prophecy than that each of the existing sects has, in its form of faith, some element to contribute to that Perfect Church, or visible Body of Christ, which the future is to realize. It is very impressive, and it ought to inspire us with reverence for the methods of the Divine Providence, to see how every separate denomination is thus put out to school by itself, fashioned into a peculiar form, nurtured to a peculiar life, qualified for a peculiar task; and then, when their several ideas are developed, how they are to be brought together by the attractions of the Spirit, and their distinctive qualities melted into one homogeneous whole." We do not know that we can add anything to this clear statement.

The only question left for our consideration is, whether it be time to begin, in earnest, to agitate this great subject. And our answer is decidedly in the affirmative. There are now thousands of minds in the world humble and tolerant enough to be willing to become members of a church of disciples,—a church of learners. The spirit of the age has thus far been antagonistic,—Anti-Slavery, Anti-War, Anti-Intemperance, Anti-Catholicism, Anti-Calvinism! Our most earnest preachers, our most earnest writers, have generally had much more Combativeness than Constructiveness. If we mistake not, the world is a little tiring of this kind of work. And we hope, too, that it will soon see that political excitements and amendments are not all it needs to make it happy. Indeed, the absurdity of being all in a blaze at the mention of Ossawattamie or Costa Rica, while there is so much suffering Hellenism "at the door," and in our own hearts and neighborhoods, unrelieved, can scarcely be ridi-

culed too much. Here we live in a neighborhood whose school is every winter in such an uproar as to be useless; we have a very languid and insipid social life; nothing deserving the name of healthy amusement or intellectual stimulus; and yet Demosthenes could hardly arouse our neighbors to ecclesiastical or social enterprise, but a much less than Demosthenes could excite them with regard to General Lane or General Walker. Still, scattered throughout our land are not a few who see the utter ridiculousness of this inconsistency. And because of its extreme ridiculousness, we hope not a little from the reaction that must follow the present mistakes.

J. B. W.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

A Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy. By Rev. G. E. ELLIS. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—The handsome octavo bearing this title is composed chiefly of a series of able papers recently contributed to "The Christian Examiner." It is plain to all who have read them, that they were prepared with much painstaking, honesty, and Christian charity. It was not to be expected that those believers who hold that the vital interests of Christian truth are bound up in a cluster of doctrines which this author rejects, could be satisfied with all his representations of fact, much less with his incidental processes of reasoning. But, without knowing how extensively the articles have been read by Orthodox men, we have not heard that, in respect to the qualities above named, the author has been impugned even by partisans on that side. And this is great praise. To accomplish the design, it was necessary to move among the ashes of a controversy whose fire is not yet dead, and to touch questions vitally connected, not only with the sacred faith, but with the less sacred passions, of a generation hardly yet passed away. And to have done this without stirring any animosities, or provoking any bitter replies, is of itself a good success. Perhaps it is a sign that, in both the parties, the rules

of civilized dispute, and the temper of true tolerance, have gained some practical power. Yet the author speaks, sometimes, in terms that sound harsh, of what we hold as most precious, rational, and comforting truths, living in the very centre of the soul.

In its direct aim, the work is not polemical, but historical. Of course it is impossible, however, for a member of one of two contending bodies to tell the story of the strife without letting his partialities appear. To a certain extent, indeed, the historian intentionally passes into the critic, and the critic into the disputant. We could not properly review the treatise, therefore, without discussing at length the several doctrines involved. With some of its opinions we cordially agree; from others we as cordially dissent. All we shall be expected to do here is to recognize its general merits, and direct the attention of our readers to it as an important chapter in the annals of New England theology, and as an intelligent attempt "to prove how the results of the most advanced Christian scholarship and culture bear on the old issues."

Yet we cannot wholly forbear an expression of some feeling of discouragement at laying down the volume. The dissatisfaction is not with the account, but with the facts which the very fidelity of the account exposes afresh. It does seem strange that the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, here in America, these last fifty years, should have found time for these quarrels and speculative debates. With such a work given it to do, with a country like this to occupy and convert to God, with an age like this to work in, with humanity bleeding, stumbling, and sinning all around it, how could it afford to stop and question whether its God is just and good, whether its Head and Redeemer is divine, whether the affecting spiritual forces in his all-sufficient and indispensable atonement shall be adjusted before the mind thus or thus, whether man's heart is so depraved as to need instant regeneration, whether men and women whose whole souls are strong with holy trust and light with prayer shall be shut out from the communion-table for a shade of belief, and whether the preacher's business is to declare the Bible or to pick it to pieces? If Christians had been fervent enough in their personal love to the Saviour, and diligent enough in doing his converting and healing errand, these divisions would have died out wherever they began, with no public breach, and the occasion for our brother's dreary retrospect would have been taken away.

The book also offers some fresh and disheartening proofs of the disastrous uncertainties of language, as a sign of theological thought. Mr. Ellis commonly expresses himself with clearness, as well as energy. But not seldom we feel sure that, when he is most at issue with his opponent, the real antagonism is in words only. In other cases, it is incredible that he should mean what his words in themselves signify. For instance, he speaks of the "old notion of an atonement made to God by the vicarious sufferings of an innocent victim," as a "hideously heathenish dogma." Now, doubtless he had a meaning when he wrote this sentence, and knew what it was. And yet we venture to say that he himself holds in his faith every element of that "notion" which he pronounces "hideously heathenish." For he believes, doubtless, that Jesus Christ "suffered," or was a "victim," — that he was "innocent," — that his sufferings had the effect of *atoning* us to God, — and that they were "vicarious" sufferings, i. e. were borne in our stead, or so as to exempt us from suffering; for in all the higher and more disinterested exercises of his own devoted Christian life, and in his own house, Mr. Ellis meets vicarious sufferings and sacrifices every day.

To those who suppose, on the one hand, that Unitarianism is to form a great religious movement and gain the heart of the people, or, on the other, that Orthodoxy needs no mending, both in spirit and dogma, the conclusions of Mr. Ellis can bring little consolation. From the Introduction, and from several of the papers, especially that on The New Theology, it appears that his own adherence to the Unitarian cause and sect is far from unqualified, or hopeful. He seems rather to stand, where so many are now standing, deprived of the joy of a compact and fraternal fellowship, destitute of an organized ecclesiastical home, busy with an individual's labors, wondering what "the Church" means, and waiting for the future.

Common Sense applied to Religion: or, The Bible and the People. By CATHARINE E. BEECHER. Harper and Brothers. — Miss Beecher, as is well known to her personal friends, here presents to the public a treatise into which she regards herself as having put some of the most important ideas of her life, ideas having vital relations with the welfare of mankind. So the title imports. The work is essentially educational, both in its plan and aim. Beginning with an extended statement of the elements of psychology, it passes from the science of

the mind to personal and social morality, and thus to the great truths and duties of religion. The theological position which will provoke the most discussion, excite sectarian feeling, and cause some surprise, considering the source from which the doctrine proceeds, is a denial of the total and innate depravity of the human heart, and indeed an elaborate and earnest attack upon that feature of the Calvinistic system. On the other hand,—and, as the author believes, with the greater effect because of this denial,—she insists with the utmost emphasis on the total and irremediable ruin of the disobedient soul, placing this belief at the very foundation of all effectual religious opinions and practical ethics. The argument, in all its parts, is conducted with spirit and talent. But what is far better than any of its special theories, the book manifests a hearty sympathy with the life of humanity, believes thoroughly in both the necessity and the practicability of a grand effort to raise all classes of men to a wiser and nobler line of life, and advocates a complete overhauling of what is one-sided and technical in the common notions of popular schooling. The whole is introduced by the interesting but rather perilous experiment of a mental and moral autobiography, bearing unmistakable evidence that the writer is “one of the family.”

Life Pictures: from a Pastor's Note-Book. By REV. ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D. Gould and Lincoln,—Various as these sketches are, they all have one distinct object, to show the power of Christianity when brought by the Holy Spirit, through natural means, into close contact with the individual heart. Great principles are of course continually involved; but they are made to appear simple and interesting by being shown in the actual experience of men and women like ourselves. The cardinal doctrines of the Gospel underlie and animate every page; but they are so skilfully presented, so divested of cant and technicalities, that we cannot help thinking devout minds of every Christian communion would read the whole, not only without offence, but with a sacred sympathy and joy. We certainly have so read it, from the beginning to the end; and we thank the accomplished author for such a refreshing and strengthening of faith. Such books have a most desirable influence in harmonizing differences, and shaping the Catholic Church that is to be. Earnest without dogmatism, and liberal without laxity, they “gain the more, and by all means save some.” In some of the narratives of this book,

profound intellectual difficulties are dealt with in a way that discovers much experience and power. In others, the pilgrim's way is over smoother and pleasanter places. But everywhere Christ — Christ the blessed Saviour, Christ the glorious Redeemer — is the all-absorbing theme of meditation, centre of affection, power of conversion, spring of hope, source of life eternal. It seems impossible the worldliest or most sceptical heart should become acquainted with the affecting realities here described, without feeling that the Christian faith is indeed the most satisfying of possessions, the grandest of dignities, the one unspeakable good. The reader is led over almost the whole range of human conflict, from the valley of despair to the land of Beulah. In naturalness of style, and in freedom from self-reference, the work is more attractive than the valuable "Pastoral Sketches" of Dr. Spencer, which in other respects it somewhat resembles.

Sermons of REV. C. H. SPURGEON. First Series. Twentieth edition. Second Series. Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., and Gould & Lincoln. — Success naturally wins sympathy. It even inspires a degree of confidence. Yet it has so often happened that an orator's popularity, in the pulpit as elsewhere, has rested on slender and transient foundations, that men are apt to require some other test of eloquence than large audiences. The reports that first reached this country of the crowds that followed Mr. Spurgeon did not, therefore, by any means satisfy anybody that he possessed really remarkable powers. Indeed, the newness, if not the very sound, of his name, raised a slight suspicion of something superficial, and provoked disparagement. We confess that our own confidence was not large, till we met with Dr. Wayland's decided and emphatic encomium; and that surprised us. The youthful celebrity has now submitted to the crucial test of publication, and so, on this side of the ocean at least, he is judged without those personal elements of discourse, presence, manner, voice, physical signs. It must be confessed that, without these, one has some difficulty in finding in the sermons a complete explanation of the effects that have given their author the common appellation of the modern Whitefield. Qualities of extraordinary pulpit efficiency are certainly apparent. First of all is the utmost positiveness of doctrinal belief. Each sermon is a succession of affirmations. A sharply defined system of doctrine is constantly presented, and its features reappear in a way to show that the

speaker has no sort of doubt about them. That system is Calvinism, addressing men's fears as well as their affections. Then the preacher abounds in apposite Scriptural allusions and quotations. He is especially familiar with the striking imagery, history, and prophetic animation, of the Old Testament. This is popular. Then he almost always presents his subjects by their salient points, passing by all abstract discussion and vague generalizing. He holds up what every mind, even the uninstructed, can take hold of. Yet there is originality enough to keep the interest and respect of thinking and cultivated minds,—i. e. in England, where able preaching is scarce; so that we hardly wonder when we hear that intellectual persons, statesmen, and critics in art like Ruskin, hear Spurgeon with delight. The truth is, he has that vigor and freshness of imagination, not scorning common things and homely phrases, which is often called genius, and which Ruskin himself celebrates as an attribute of creative power. Mr. Spurgeon never utters a passage of that sort of eloquence, solemn, reverberative, and lofty, which comes only from an intellect of great compass, culture, and energy united. He is never eloquent, for instance, as Ruskin himself is eloquent, or as the few grand, signal preachers of Christendom have been. Still, his effect seems to us so far legitimate as it is attributable to undoubted religious earnestness, intense feeling, unction, and a fair mastery of speech. His language is plain, simple, energetic, and pictorial. His sentences are almost always short. He uses the second person,—direct address. His arrangement is clear and careful. Whoever supposes such extempore preaching as this is a mere cheap, spontaneous talk, is greatly mistaken. Every sermon bears unmistakable marks of conscientious preparation and patient thought. Nor are traces of classical culture by any means absent, though they are mixed with broad allusions and expressions, all whose strength is needed to redeem them from vulgarity. The rank such discourses hold must depend on our definition of the object of the pulpit. If that object is to instruct the mind in trains of religious speculation, or to exhort to particular moral duties, or to elevate the general devout sentiments, and encourage a manly way of living, and gratify a refined taste, then these sermons are far from remarkable. If it is to arouse the common mind to a sense of eternity, and to a terror of judgment, they are great preaching. According to our

own judgment, they are estimable for their earnestness, of considerable force in style, discolored by some unhealthy rhetoric, abounding in dogmatic exaggerations, and owing their extreme popularity very largely to the prevailing dulness of the British pulpit.

Sermons by the late REV. F. W. ROBERTSON. Ticknor and Fields.
— Very different sermons certainly are these from Mr. Spurgeon's; and difference is no evil. Without denying that there are classes of society, orders of mind, states of moral life, even in Christian countries, more likely to be reached and roused by the extravagant London Dissenter than by the calm and profound and truly spiritual Brighton rector, one cannot say that this fact is encouraging. We believe, however, that such preaching as this of Mr. Robertson must eventually prove its vast superiority, every way, even to those very classes. What is intrinsically good must in the end be recognized as such. The simplicity of these discourses is as remarkable, too, as their intellectual compass. There is very little in them that an illiterate hearer would not understand. Yet they satisfy the literary demand of the ripest culture. Their first characteristic is a most impressive, inwrought earnestness of purpose, giving a palpable energy to every word. Then, everything superfluous is left out. Each sentence is pared down to the smallest possible dimensions consistent with clearness of expression. Many clauses are gracefully elliptical. As the discourses were not preached from a manuscript, this brevity may have been expanded in the delivery. Another trait of Mr. Robertson's method is a high-principled and philosophical discrimination in the statement of religious truth. He has a scrupulous veneration for the fact, and seems afraid of the least excess of assertion in making out his case. For that very reason, he gains confidence, and to thoughtful minds becomes the more persuasive. Often his ethical distinctions are striking and original; they are always pointed and finely drawn. In ornament he deals very little; in sentimentality, not at all. The vigor of movement is never enfeebled. Common sense is never insulted. Yet tenderer or more beautiful passages are seldom uttered in preaching than here. The preacher's central and all-animating doctrine is that of the ineffable union of the Divine and the Human in the person of Christ, with sympathies, affections, and all spiritual powers for the quickening and redemption of man. All the views of human nature, of society,

of life, of suffering, of the great problems of the time, are advanced and hopeful. It is not strange that such a voice of reality and strength in the pulpit should be hailed far and wide with something like an acclamation of delight. Mr. Robertson was one of the broadest of the Broad Church party; and he goes so far, sometimes, in his protests against prevailing religious mistakes and abuses, as to seem to lean to an extreme of liberty. But the robustness and solemnity of his Christian convictions save him on that side. Without belonging among the very greatest sermons, his certainly belong with the most useful; and no style of preaching is more needed in the England of the present day.

Christian Consolations. Sermons by A. P. PEABODY. Third edition. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. — The readers of this admirable contribution to Christian literature do not need any commendation of it. We assure all others, that in strong Saxon speech, with an earnest spirit of allegiance to the New Testament, and no common intellectual insight, Dr. Peabody has set forth the consoling truths of that religion which was vouchsafed to a race ordained to be "rendered perfect through suffering." C.

Louisa von Plettenhaus. The Journal of a Poor Young Lady. C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. — This is an exceptional book, — religious, German-like, and instructive. It is the story of a young governess, subjected to unfriendly fortunes, who made to herself friends by a simple and Christian conversation; and the moral is, that there is no life so dark, and no path so dangerous, but that a faith in God will give light to the one and deliverance from falling to the other. There are genuine Christian hymns scattered through the book; the style is good, and the interest is sustained to the end. It must benefit all who read it. C.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Professor Park's elaborate discourse, on the "Revelation of God in his Works," preached at the installation of Rev. J. M. Manning at the Old South Church. — Twentieth Annual Report of Rev. C. F. Barnard's indefatigable and ingenious labors for humanity at the Warren Street Chapel. — "An Historical Discourse in Commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Formation of the First Congregational Church in Templeton, Mass." by Rev. E. G. Adams, — with other valuable matter; — one of those well-digested and careful compositions, which not only arouse a lively local interest, but afford important materials for the general historian.